

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

12 TRINITY STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1778, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading material. State, local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable features and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other places, the highest space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained in the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 53, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Goddard, President; Thomas Fleishouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. E. K. of P., St. Knight Captain George A. Witcox; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 707, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Counsel; Charles S. Decker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Visitation.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Lizzie C. Chase, of Phoenix, Grand Matron of the Grand Chapter of Rhode Island, Order of the Eastern Star, accompanied by the board of grand officers, made an official visit to Aquinneck Chapter, No. 7, of Newport. The conferring of degrees upon six candidates was witnessed by the visitors, who afterward spoke in high terms of praise of the excellence of the work and the impressive manner in which the ritual was rendered by the Worthy Matron, Mrs. Belle Russell, and her corps of officers. The musical part of the program, which was of high order of merit, was in charge of Mrs. Freeman, the musical director of the chapter, with Miss Gosling and Miss Marthand as soloists. At the close a collation was served. The attendance was very large and the meeting throughout a pleasing success.

Annual Inspection.

The annual inspection of Washington Commandery, No. 1, K. T., took place Wednesday night. There was a large attendance of the officers and members present. The inspecting officer, Em. Sir Dana J. Flanders, of Boston, Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Commandery, was received and welcomed to the Asylum of Washington Commandery by Commander Thomas J. Peirce. A portion of the ritual of the Temple was rendered, after which a collation was served. Several interesting addresses were made by the visitors, among whom were Em. Sir Freeman C. Hickey, of Boston, Grand Captain General; Em. Sir Charles E. Pierce, of South Boston; Em. Sir Lafayette G. Blair, of Cambridge, and a number of other distinguished Templars from various parts of the jurisdiction.

New Fall River Cars.

The new eight-wheeled cars of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company are proving a great addition to the comfort of the passengers. The company has six of these cars on the line, which necessitates running only a few of the old cars. The new cars are fitted with air brakes and air whistles, of which the latter may be heard from nearly all over the island. These eight-wheeled cars are just what are needed for long distance runs, as they are faster, work smoother and carry more people at a trip. With the advent of these cars, Newport can feel that she is up with the times at least in respect to street cars.

To Attend Divine Service.

Tomorrow, Sunday, Washington Commandery will leave here at 2 p. m., via steamer Caswell, from Bowen's wharf, for Wickford, where they will attend divine service in St. Paul's Church. A special service for the occasion has been prepared by Rev. and Sir Knight Frederick Bradford Cole, the rector of the church. It is expected that there will be a full attendance of the members.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt have arrived at Chastellux for the summer.

Bodies Found Floating.

Last Sunday afternoon the body of a young colored woman was found in the water near Portsmouth Grove. The body was secured and Medical Examiner Steele was notified. The clothing was somewhat scanty, consisting merely of skirt, wrapper, shoes and stockings. The remains were identified as Hattie Fitzhugh, who has been in the employ of Gardner T. Sherman. She came from the South in the spring to work on the island, in company with many other negroes, who come north for the summer.

Marks on the body gave rise to a suspicion of foul play, but an autopsy, held on Monday, resulted in a verdict of suicide. She had recently had a dispute with the man who had been keeping company with her for several years.

Last Saturday afternoon the decomposed body of a man, apparently clad in the uniform of the United States army, was found on the shore at Narragansett Pier, and was subsequently identified as that of Walter E. Beebe, of the hospital corps whose post was at Fort Greble. He was last seen on the afternoon of March 22, when he was in a row boat in the vicinity of the fort. After the lapse of a number of days he was entered on the rolls as a deserter. The identification was made by means of his clothing and the contents of his pockets, as the body had been in the water so long that the features presented no means of identification.

Charles E. Lawton Post.

Tuesday Charles E. Lawton Post, Woman's Relief Corps, received an official visit from the department president and staff. A delegation from the home post met the officers at the boat and escorted them to the post hall. A delegation of 54 from Richard Borden Post, Woman's Relief Corps, of Fall River, came by special car. The inspection was held in the hall. During the afternoon a luncheon was served and a pleasing program arranged for the entertainment of the visitors. A number remained over night, to enjoy the evening's festivities.

In past years the register of students at the Rogers High School has been kept in numerous bulky and inconvenient books. This last year a scheme was devised by Mr. Thompson, the head master, which greatly simplifies the work of recording the rank of the pupils, and avoids the inconvenience of handling the big volumes. In one drawer of a neat hardwood case are a set of cards, each of which is ruled to contain the name, age, date of entrance, etc., of the pupil, together with his record in the various subjects for the year. When the student graduates from the school, his card is taken from this drawer and placed on permanent file in another drawer, so that his record is available at a moment's notice, and is in compact and convenient form.

This year a larger proportion than usual of the graduates of the Rogers High School are expecting to enter college in the fall. Altogether there are eleven looking forward to college, and of these four go to Harvard, two to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, three to Brown, and one each to Smith and Wellesley. Those going to Harvard are Edward C. Brown, William MacLeod, Raymond S. Titus and Grenville P. Vernon. Those going to "Tech" are Ernest N. Briggs and Louis W. Hammett; those to Brown, Stephen E. Grafix, Howard S. Sledman and Sarah L. Read; to Smith, Annie M. King; and to Wellesley, Ellen B. Manchester.

A call at the office of Andrews & Withers, architects, yesterday, effected the information that plans were being drawn for a new hotel for Newport. Nothing could be learned as to who the backers of the enterprise are nor as to how much of a hotel would be built. The only information that could be obtained was that it was generally understood that enough stock had been subscribed to warrant going ahead with the undertaking. It was stated then the matter of a site had not yet been decided.

At the commencement exercises at Smith College the degree of A. B. was conferred upon Miss Christine Isabel McLeod, one of the graduates, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLeod, of this city. Miss McLeod was a graduate of the Rogers High School in the class of 1897.

Restome Case died in Fall River last week, aged 81 years. He was a brother of Perry G. Case and Philip H. Case of this city and was well known by the older residents. He leaves a widow, three brothers, three sisters and a daughter, the latter Mrs. Frederick A. Norton of Fall River.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, ranking officer of the United States army, was in the city for a few hours on Tuesday as a guest of Mr. Colgate Hoyt on his yacht.

Grammar School Graduation.

Promptly at three o'clock Thursday the graduating pupils of the first grammar school marched into the big hall at Masonic Temple. The hall was filled with friends of the pupils, and on the platform were seated the guests of the occasion. The school while still standing, sang a chorus, "God of Our Fathers," and then repeated the twenty-fourth psalm.

The first number on the program was an essay entitled, "The Flag Salute," by Mary Greene Congdon, of the Culvert School. Miss Congdon gave the history of the flag up to its recognition as a national emblem, then gave a description of the New England flags in the days of the colonies, and finally told of the production of our national flag and its meaning to the people of today.

The second number was an essay "Why Were the Women of the Revolution Heroines?" by Emma Dunham Lee, of the Coddington School. Miss Lee answered this question by citing numerous examples chosen from the history of those troublous times when our country won its independence.

Following this essay was a chorus, "Voices of the Woods," rendered by the school.

The next number on the program was an address to the graduates by Miss Mabel Ellery Adams, of the Horace Mann School, Boston. Mr. Lull, the superintendent, in introducing Miss Adams said that he had procured one of the busiest women in the state to speak to the graduates, as she is a teacher, a student, a magazine correspondent, and a general utility person all combined. Miss Adams began by stating that she had a common bond with the pupils in the acquaintance with Mr. Lull. She said that when he was in Quincy, Mr. Lull was a very particular sort of man, and liked to have his books and papers all placed right on the desks. She said, too, that he was a very prompt, energetic man and always just, just the man to set an example to the pupils of the schools. Miss Adams then said that she had been wondering why it is that out of an average attendance of nearly two thousand pupils in the public schools, only about thirty graduate from the high school. She thought that there ought to be more who were eager for education than that. To introduce the subject of her address, Miss Adams said that the school committee last year had asked the City Council for \$20,463. Now, of course, it was granted, for the City Council is very particular about giving all that the school committee asks for. But now, what have we to show for that? Why the graduates here! Many times it is said that modern education is all wrong, and the money devoted to it is thrown away. When the old people went to school, they learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, and when they needed any manual training or nature study they went out to the wood pile with a saw. But why is this not so today? Because the conditions have changed. When our boys went to Cuba, they were not equipped with old fashioned blunderbusses, although many battles have been fought in the times gone by with these weapons. Now, the superintendent and school committee want to send out their graduates into the world equipped as well as possible for the fight with the world. What is needed is a broad outlook and the ability and power to "muscle and get there." Instead of spending a whole year in reading in one book, the young people have read fifty books of history, literature, etc., and they are just so much the better for this extra reading in the line of duty. Taking the second of the elementary subjects, writing, we can make this include grammar. Now grammar is simply a compilation of rules. In the new method of teaching the pupil is made to learn to write by writing and to talk by talking, which is the only proper way. Now the third "M," arithmetic, is the greatest bugbear of the three. Our fathers used to learn the book by heart, and most of it went in one ear and out the other. The old problems used to bear about as much relation to the every day uses as standing on the head does to walking. Miss Adams has found by questioning some of the business men who would be most likely to use mathematics that only the most elementary arithmetic is in daily use. Now, instead of giving an hour a day right through the year to the study of a subject which is not required in life, why not devote this time to teaching the pupils to know and appreciate the beauties of nature, which are all about them? Then, too, the manual training, that is so looked down upon, trains the boy or girl to work accurately with his hands and eyes and brain, and to feel more confidence in himself after the completion of his work. In closing, Miss Adams spoke of the equality of our country—perhaps not in rank, or wealth, but in opportunity. All those having brains will go up in life, and those who are stupid will go down, and no man can say which shall go up and which shall go down. In making our resolutions for the future we should all resolve to read at least one book a year, and perhaps there is no better example to follow than that given by one of our poets in his memorial of a dead friend—to live our life in simplicity, gentleness and clean mirth.

At the conclusion of this address, the school gave a chorus, "Call to Arms." Following was the awarding of the King medals for amiability by the "most amiable member of the school board," Mr. Robert C. Cottrell, to Lydia

Elizabeth Barker and Mabel Florence Carry.

His Honor Mayor Garretson next awarded the Read and Pell medals for scholarship to Arthur Cushman Cranford and James Nelson Gibson.

After the chorus, "My June," the William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., prize for the best historical essay was awarded by Mrs. John Page Sanborn, historian of the chapter, to Helen Childs Read.

Then after the next chorus, "Fishers Song," the graduates passed in line before Dr. Christopher Frank Barker, chairman of the School Committee, to receive their diplomas.

After the singing of "America," in which the audience joined, the pupils filed out and went to the Coddington building, where they regaled themselves with ice cream and cake.

Mid Summer Carnival.

At the meeting of the Artillery Company Thursday night it was decided to hold a Mid Summer Carnival for a week in August, the date to be fixed as soon as it is known when the Newport fête day is to come off. The location will be on the Battery lot so-called, at the junction of Broadway and Bliss road. It is intended to erect three large tents, one of which, the largest, will contain all the booths, etc., the second will be for midway entertainments and the third for a theatre and dancing. It is expected that this will be one of the finest things of the kind ever given in Newport. The prizes will be numerous and costly, among which will be an elegant diamond ring to the person selling the most season tickets.

A Runaway Stopped.

A pair of black horses, owned by Swinburne, Peckham & Co., were frightened by a launch whistle and started on a run from the company's wharf, colliding with a lumber wagon, Wednesday morning. George H. Malborn, who was driving on Fred Burton's express jumped off and seized the reins of the runaway, being dragged a short distance. When in front of Perry Brothers office he was pulled into a light wagon and brought the runaway to a stop. Fortunately, he escaped without any injury to himself and no serious damage done. Malborn was rewarded for his bravery by Swinburne, Peckham & Co.

Excelsior Lodge.

The following is the programme of entertainment at the 10th Anniversary of Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., to be held Tuesday, July 2nd:

4.45 p. m. Assemble for Parade.
5.15 p. m. Parade will move—sharp.
5.15 p. m. Parade is over.
7.00 p. m. Assemble in Lodge Room for Banquet.
7.30 p. m. Banquet.
9.00 p. m. Banquet finished.
9.00 p. m. Entertainment in Lodge Room.
10.30 p. m. Dancing in Banquet Hall.
12.00 p. m. Refreshments.
12.30 a. m. Dancing.
2.00 a. m. Upward and onward to our homes.

The Newport Horticultural Society have been obliged to postpone the Rose and Strawberry Show one week to July 2d and 3d. This has been caused by the lack of weather of the season. It has been found impossible to get either fruit or flowers. The first week in July it is thought that strawberries will be at their best and the flowers will then be more plentiful so the show then ought to be a good one.

Chief of Police Richards and Patrolman Sweeney did a quick rush into the Horgan building at Ferry wharf on Thursday street yesterday morning in response to a loud report from a second story window. A suicide was their first thought but it proved to be small boys who threw a fire cracker out of the window.

On Tuesday evening next, June 25th, the members of Malbone Lodge, No. 53, N. E. O. P., will have here by electric, at 6:45, for Fall River, where they will be entertained by Priscilla Lodge of that city. The party will return by special electric, chartered by the lodge, at 11:30 p. m.

The new racing cutter for the Naval Reserves will be launched Monday evening. The Reserves have a nice looking crew, and are doing steady work under Coxswain Briggs in the regular Reserves' cutter. They will be in good form when the new boat is ready.

Mr. Harry F. Brown, formerly chemist of the Torpedo Station in this city, but at present connected with a manufacturing of explosives in New Jersey, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Lull, daughter of Superintendent Herbert W. Lull, attended the commencement exercises at Harvard College yesterday.

All the slings in Trinity Church have been engaged for the season.

Mrs. Hugh K. Norman will spend the summer in Europe.

Week of Dedication.

The Re-dedication Services of the Shiloh Baptist Church, on School and Mary streets, Rev. Henry N. Jeter, pastor, began Sunday, June 10. The Pastor preached in the morning; in the afternoon the subject was "The Joy of the Lord" and the speakers were Revs. Stewart of Providence, Robert Martin of Salem, Mass., and Israel Dericks of Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church. In the evening the pastor preached. There was special music all day by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. H. Leonard Jeter. The attendance all day was very large, and the offering amounted to \$148.00.

Monday, June 17, the subject was "The House of Worship Repaired and the Home Beautiful." Rev. J. Frank Fleming of the Second Baptist church delivered a very timely address, and there was special music by the choir.

Tuesday, June 18, the subject was "An Adorned Life." Rev. J. V. Osterhout of the Broadway Baptist Church, Providence, preached a most interesting and instructive sermon. Rev. S. I. Carr read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Special music by the choir.

Wednesday evening, the subject was "The Church and the Young People." Several young people had papers on this subject. Mr. William Patterson Allen, brother of the instructor, Mr. James Allen, gave a very interesting address on the "Church." There were very interesting papers by the following ladies: Misses Rose Owens, Susie Jeter, Nellie Jeter, and Jennie Grayson. The musical part of the program was furnished by the children of the Sunday School. There were solos by Misses Beatrice Hawkins and Courtney Hawkins, and Masters Charlie Richards and Albert Foster, the boy soprano. There was a little duet by Misses Curle Elta Owens and Mary Jeter. A very interesting address was delivered by the Rev. Charles H. Porter, Jr., pastor of Channing Memorial Church, which was greatly enjoyed by the audience, especially the little folks.

Thursday evening, June 20, the subject was "The Duties of 20th Century Christians." Revs. Brewster G. Boardman, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and George Whitefield Mead, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, spoke. Miss Jennie M. Thurlow sang a solo "Ave Maria" accompanied with piano, organ and cello obligato.

Friday, June 21, 8 p. m., the subject was "Christian Effort and Promises of Success in the 20th Century." Rev. E. H. Porter, rector of Emmanuel P. E. Church, and Chaplain Cassard, U. S. N., were the speakers. Miss Ella K. Mithand sang.

Sunday, June 24, at 10:45 a. m., the pastor will preach his 24th Anniversary sermon. At 3 p. m. Rev. Byron Guinier, pastor of the Union Congregational Church, and others, will conduct the service. At 8 p. m. a very elaborate program has been prepared for their monthly sacred concert. You are cordially invited to attend.

A silver offering will be taken at each of the services towards the repairs and improvements that have been made, viz.: excavating and making a cellar under the lecture room, which was erected in 1884; putting a new hard pine floor in both the audience and Sunday school rooms; building a baptistry and study, removing the baptistry from the east side to the west of the church; painting the exterior of church and parsonage; painting and decorating the interior of church and Sunday school rooms; putting in a new furnace to heat church and parsonage; placing in eight windows, four of which are memorial windows, to the memory of the following persons: The late Deacon Francis Leonard Girard, Catherine Johnson, Sarah Carter and Elizabeth Butler. A pipe organ, made by the Ester Organ Co., has been put in and electric lights, which have been put in, also greatly add to the improvements.

Among those graduating from the various colleges this year are Edward A. Sherman, from Harvard; William R. Harvey, from Brown, and Miss Christine I. McLeod from Smith, all of whom are alumni of the Rogers High School.

Mr. Richard Martin, a lawyer in Pawtucket, and for many years clerk of the committee on finance in the House of Representatives, has been declared insane and sent to the State Insane Asylum at Cranston.

Mr. John E. Taber, of Middletown, R. I., has been granted a pension under the act of June 7, 1890, at the rate of \$5 a month, from May 5, 1890, through the efforts of Congressman Bull.

Mrs. Reginald Norman, who has been ill with pneumonia in Paris, is improving, and as soon as she is able will return to this city, accompanied by her husband, Colonel Reginald Norman.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Voigt, parents of Mr. Ernst Voigt, have arrived from Germany to spend the summer with their son. This is their first visit here in six years.

Mr. Paul A. Andrews has been appointed a member of the Newport Park Commission by Mayor Garretson, vice Rear Commodore C. L. F. Robinson, resigned.

Wedding Bells.

Peabody-Howard.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Bramham Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Howard, to Mr. Charles Richard Peabody, occurred on Wednesday evening last at Emmanuel Church, Rev. Emory H. Porter officiating. Wild daisies were the predominant feature of the decorations and large bunches of these flowers were distributed about the church. The church was comfortably filled with the relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

Promptly at six o'clock the organist, Mr. W. T. Rutherford, sounded the first strains of the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin and the bridal party entered the church. The bride rested on the arm of her father, Mr. Joseph T. Howard, who gave her away. She was clad in a charming gown of white corded silk, trimmed with cream colored lace, and wore a bridal veil. She carried a bouquet of sweet peas. The maid of honor, Miss Ida Herrmann, and the bridesmaids, Miss Rose Howard and Miss Laura Stewart, were dressed in pink mousseline de soie and carried bouquets of daisies. At the altar the bridal party was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Maurice A. Albro, and Mr. Porter read the Episcopal marriage service. The ushers were Mr. Richard P. Jencks of Providence and Mr. Alvah H. Sanborn of this city.

Following the ceremony at the church a short reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Spring street. Refreshments were served and music was furnished by the Harry K. Howard orchestra. The gifts to the bride were very handsome and costly. Shortly after seven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Peabody left the house in a carriage decorated with white streamers and old shoes for the Wickford boat on their way to Providence. At the boat they were treated to a further shower of rice and it may have been merely because he was disconcerted at this greeting that the groom forgot the keys to his hand baggage and had to telegraph home for them. Their wedding trip will be spent in Princeton, Mass., after which they will reside on Rhode Island avenue. They will be at home Tuesdays after August first.

Curley-Meyler.

Mr. Morris M. Curley, of this city, in the employ of Messrs. Caswell, Massey & Company, for many years, was married to Miss Nellie Meyler, daughter of Mrs. M. J. Meyler, of New York, on Wednesday, at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel in New York. Rev. Father O'Kelly officiated, and the mass was celebrated by Rev. William H. Curley, of Taunton, brother of the groom. Miss Meyler was given away by her brother, Mr. Charles Meyler. Miss Alice Kelly, of Brooklyn, was bridesmaid, and Dr. John Morris, of Boston, performed the duties of best man. The bride was becomingly gowned in white crepe de chine and wore a lovely veil caught up with orange blossoms.

A wedding breakfast was served and later in the day the newly-wedded couple started for Atlantic City, where they will spend their honeymoon, after which they will take up their residence in Newport.

The bride received many pretty and valuable gifts.

Norris-Morrell.

Miss Ida Morrell, daughter of Mrs. John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. George Pepper Norris, of the same city, were married at the summer residence of the bride, on Bellevue court, on Wednesday at noon, Rev. Emory H. Porter officiating. About sixty relatives and friends were present and a bridal breakfast was served by Muenchinger. The bride was given away by her brother, Colonel Edward V. Morrell, and was unattended by either maid of honor or bridesmaid. Mr. Harford H. Powell, a cousin of the bride was the best man. The bride was gowned in white, with a full veil, ornamented with orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was lily of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Norris left in the afternoon for a wedding trip.

Commander Charles Belknap, U. S. N., died Saturday at the Johns Hopkins University Hospital, Baltimore, where he was operated upon a little more than a week ago for an abscess on the arm. The operation was apparently a success, but blood poisoning soon developed and the progress of the disease could not be checked by medical skill. Commander Belknap had been connected with the torpedo station and war college here at different times, and in 1891 was executive officer of the torpedo station.

The Casino orchestra will begin its duties on July 8, and evening concerts will be given on Wednesday and Sunday evenings as usual. The tennis tournament will be from August 13 to August 21 and the Horse Show on September 2, 3 and 4.

(Additional locals on this page)



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CHAPTER I.

On the night of the 5th of December, 1882, the first fierce storm of the winter was raging in Brooklyn.

The wind howled and shrieked, and drifting snow clung in crusts on the windows. But the fire burned furiously in John Olmstead's library, where he sat in a comfortable arm-chair, his slippers feet on the fender, supposed to be listening while his nephew, Robert Stanton, read aloud to him.

The old man was called "crusty" at large, and crusty he surely was. He stood well up among the wealthiest men in Brooklyn, and, having been a widower almost all his life, he had become so thoroughly accustomed to his own way that he had outlived even the passing suggestion that there could be any possibility of his being otherwise.

He was supposed to be listening. His eyes were fixed in a fierce, determined stare upon the glowing coals. His forehead was furrowed. His right hand wandered restlessly over his left arm and shoulder, as though seeking the seat of something that was out of order there.

He was supposed to be listening, but he was not listening. His mind was working back some two-and-twenty years, on a night very much like this one, only later in the winter, when he sat before the fire in that same library and read a letter disclosing, to his horror, the fact that he had a two-year-old nephew.

Then it took another jump backward, indefinitely, and he thought of the mother of the boy, his only sister, Mary. From childhood he had supported her; but when his beautiful young wife died and he really needed a sister to help him manage his grand home, Mary deliberately deserted him to marry a farming fellow from away in some romantic, unknown obscurity—a fellow whose only prospects lay in a few miserable, mortgaged acres.

It was made all the worse by the fact that Mary had stubbornly refused to marry "Thaddeus Braddon, John Olmstead's best friend, who had been her devoted lover from girlhood, who was then in the west, earning a great fortune, ready to return to Brooklyn to live the moment Mary said the word.

John Olmstead remembered how he had spoken his mind to Mary, and how the only effect it had was that never another word did he hear from her or her husband (ill the letter that came on that stormy night, 22 years before, written by the selectmen of the unknown obscurity, announcing that his sister had died two years and her husband a week before, leaving nothing but debts and one male child, two years old, named Robert Stanton. It notified him that the child would be held for a limited period subject to his order, and, in default, would be advertised and manipulated as town's poor.

Of course the "thing," as John Olmstead called it, was brought to his Brooklyn mansion and properly cared for, but he had conceived such a dislike at the start that Robert Stanton grew up and actually left for college before the back of him about the house opened his uncle's eyes to the fact that under his supposed dislike there had sprung up a great, unreasoning, unbounded fondness for the boy.

From that moment there was nothing too good for his nephew, in the old man's estimation, and the happiest days he had known since his wife died were when Stanton came back, after graduating from the law school, settled down in the old home, and opened an office in New York.

The young lawyer was not a model done in wax, but a very fair result of the conditions under which he had been developing. He was rugged, honest and refined. He had not the remotest idea of the meaning of such words as self-denial or self-sacrifice, or of such a quality as patience in suffering or adversity.

The utter lack of feminine influence about the house left the genial and social side of his nature wholly undeveloped. He thought society a bore, and society thought him cold and proud. Unlimited financial resources overburdened him with persistent friends till he easily fell into a way of holding every one at arm's length and constantly pushing, lest they should come too near and annoy him.

He was generous because it was agreeable. It relieved him of a surplus that would otherwise have been burdensome; it rid him, quickly and easily, of disagreeable things in the line of philanthropic tramps. Wholly unwitting, he won for himself a reputation for phenomenal liberality, which, connected with his many conflicting characteristics, produced the universal conviction that he was sure to develop into a prodigy of genius.

His habits were scrupulously circumspect, chiefly, no doubt, because any others would have forced him, more or less, into some sort of society; and underneath it all were sound, native common sense and a rare adaptability to his profession.

Thus far the only disagreeable phase of life to which he had been obliged to submit was his uncle's determination that he should marry, which effectually established in him a determination never to do anything of the kind. It was not conscious stubbornness. It was simply unbroken nature, instinct.

This was the path over which the old man's thoughts were wandering while his right hand wandered over his left arm and shoulder and sometimes down along his left leg and knee.

Stanton noticed the inattention, and once or twice glanced up, between the lines. He fancied his uncle was not feeling well, and would have been glad to offer some relief, but perfect health was the one thing upon which John Olmstead prided himself and which it was never safe to question. His one habit, always pushing his fingers through his white hair, was that he had never consulted a physician in his life.

The fall clock in the corner began striking ten, and the clock in the great tower, a few blocks away, joined it, a single stroke behind. One was regulated by John Olmstead, the other by the official timekeeper, and for more than 20 years they had told the same story as they were telling it to-night.

Stanton paused for an instant and glanced at his uncle, dropped his book and sprang to the arm-chair.

The old man's face was flushed. His forehead was wet. He was awake, but he breathed like one sleeping too heavily. In a wild stare his eyes were fixed on his left hand.

With his right hand he clutched the sleeve of the left arm, lifted it a little way, and let it fall, muttering:

"Dead, Robert. Dead."

Stanton rang for Sam, the general man-servant, whispering: "Mr. Morton, Sam. Be quick."

Sam staggered out into the raging storm, his mind struggling with the fact that the master was ill, much as his body struggled in the drifts. He was trying to do two things at once, which was always too much for him, and between the two he blundered and rang the bell at the door of Rev. Dr. Borden's house.

John Olmstead was not a commandant, but he was a highly valued and respected supporter of Dr. Borden's church. The good doctor opened the door himself. Sam shouted from the storm: "Mr. John Olmstead is sick, sir. Come quick." Then discovering his mistake, he started away, without a word of explanation, to summon Dr. Morton.

A single glance told the physician why he had been called. He asked a few questions, chiefly to test the mind and the face-muscles, looked into the patient's eyes, and, kneeling, began to manipulate the left leg and arm.

"Well?" said John Olmstead, impatiently.

Dr. Morton did not stop his examination, but spoke slowly:

"I should say it was a slight stroke of apoplexy, probably caused by an insular hemorrhage on the brain. There is still sensation here. I think it will steadily return, and in two or three weeks you will—"

He was testing the pulse in the right wrist. Quickly he followed it to the



"Dead, Robert. Dead!"

elbow, and his face changed as he uncovered the patient's chest and began a careful examination about the heart.

"Well?" Olmstead muttered, nervously.

As though thinking aloud, being called upon for an opinion before it was fully formed, the physician replied:

"There's a enlarged area of heart-fulness and an accentuated second sound and murmur. I'm afraid the apoplexy came from heart disease and arterial degeneration. Are you under treatment for your heart?"

"Never had a doctor in my life," John Olmstead muttered.

"Your heart must have given you a great deal of trouble."

"Never troubled me at all."

"No shortness of breath?"

"Of course. I'm growing old."

"Haven't you had to sit down after climbing stairs?"

"I'm too heavy for stairs. I gave up leaving the ground floor long ago, unless there is an elevator."

"Doesn't excitement give you palpitation?"

"Sometimes. I smoke too much."

"Cold feet?"

"Only recently."

"Cough?"

"Of course, when I am out of breath."

Dr. Morton sat down facing the patient, with his back to the fire.

"Every one has weak points, Mr. Olmstead," he said. "Yours is your heart."

"Do you mean that I'm in a condition where I might go without warning?" the old man asked, nervously, seeming suddenly to grasp the situation.

Dr. Morton watched his face thoughtfully for a moment, and answered:

"Yes."

"Robert," Olmstead called, in a weak, trembling voice, "go for Judge Russell. Bring him back with you at once."

"Is my mind right? Can I make my will?" he asked, as soon as Stanton left the room, and, being reassured by the physician, he sat in silence till Judge Russell came and they were left alone together.

"I should have taken your advice," he began, "but fortunately it is not too late. I hoped that Robert would marry first and that the other one would die. Don't mention the other one's name in the will. Say \$10,000 to the next heir after Robert, if he will surrender all claims and those papers."

He paused a moment to gather strength. Slowly he mentioned some minor bequests, three men to act as trustees, and added: "Let the rest be held in trust for Robert for ten years. Let him have the use and income, and if he marries let it all be his at once."

"If he should not marry in the ten years—"

Judge Russell asked:

"He will, he will," Olmstead exclaimed. "He'll not be such a fool. If he don't—if he don't care for me or the money, then let it go where it will. The other one can't get it if he signs off for the ten thousand, and I don't care who else has it if Robert don't want it. Write quickly. I'm not well. I feel afraid."

The rest returned and did what they could for the patient while Judge Russell wrote. The storm was still increasing, and to add to it the fire broke out which destroyed the great building supporting the tower with the clock which had so long kept pace with the clock in Olmstead's library.

Thousands must still remember now the hands of that clock moved steadily while all the building beneath it was wrapped in flame; how the great bell rang, clear and loud, above the storm, above the roaring and hissing of the water, above the groning and throbbing of the engines and the shouting of the men; how it struck the hour of midnight, like a grand, triumphant peal, less than two minutes before the roof and the walls fell in with an awful crash, stopping the wheels and leaving the tower with its burden still standing, like a grim, minaret rising out of the ruins; for there was something ghostly in those long black fingers that for days remained there, solemnly pointing to two minutes past twelve.

The engines were heard above the storm, in the library, and the glare tinged the curtains closely drawn over the long windows; but the fire received little attention from the anxious ones gathered there.

When the writing was finished, Olmstead read the will, and in a more natural voice remarked:

"It is correct. Give me the pen."

Rev. Dr. Borden signed as the first witness, and a moment later Judge Russell handed the pen to Sam.

Sam was unused to writing. The solemn scene, the intense excitement, a vague sense of responsibility, bewildered him, and he made slow work at it. Judge Russell could hardly endure the delay. He had left his wife with a sick child at home, without so much as telling her that he was going out. He glanced at his watch as he handed Sam the pen.

"Great Heavens! It's 12 o'clock. Hurry, man, hurry," he whispered.

Sam tried to hurry, and was so much the slower in consequence. The tall clock and the clock in the tower were striking. He nervously fingered the pen till they had ceased. Stanton was kneeling by the arm-chair, holding his uncle's hand. Dr. Borden stood behind the chair, with a word for comfort or courage when it could be spoken.

As the last stroke sounded, Olmstead turned his head, resting on the back of the arm-chair, till his eyes looked up at the portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging above the fire, and slowly he repeated:

"Twelve o'clock, and all is well."

At last Sam finished writing. Judge Russell bent over him, took the pen, wrote for an instant, and—

Suddenly the room seemed to vibrate and shudder. The dull outlines of the windows glared brighter than the lights of the library. The awful crash of the falling walls and the shriek of the crowd about them sounded. Judge Russell caught up the will and hurried from the house. Stanton felt a twinge contract the hand he was holding; forgetting the years that had made a man of him, he laid his cheek upon it.

Dr. Morton glanced at the patient's face, reached his heart, waited a moment, and, laying his hand on Stanton's shoulder, said:

"My friend, it is over. He is gone." Reverently Dr. Borden repeated the dying words:

"Twelve o'clock, and all is well."

CHAPTER II.

The natural adjustments which time brought about had little comfort for John Olmstead's nephew. The one disagreeable feature in the past which he had not been able to put away was his uncle's determination, that he should marry. Now the whole world seemed to have risen up to carry on the argument.

It was natural enough that social attention should be more drawn to him than ever, and especially to be expected that the trustees, Judge Russell and Dr. Borden, knowing of the condition hanging over him, should lose no opportunity to present such of their friends as might aid him to meet it. Stanton failed to grasp the natural philosophy of it, however, and simply realized a state of things that was intensely disagreeable. The fact that his uncle, being dead, was yet speaking, only held him the more firmly in instinctive resistance, and where John Olmstead's arguments failed there was little hope that the rest of the world could succeed. The only result was that Stanton shrank more and more from society, and felt deeper and more earnestly in his profession.

It was an excellent thing for his progress at the bar, and he really began to develop into what everyone had predicted—something of a prodigy. Straightway it began to be commonly acknowledged that he was one of the shrewdest cross-examiners in the state. It only tended, however, to make society more charitable with his eccentricities and more relentlessly adoring.

A weak man would have yielded at once; a strong man never. Stanton was neither. He had elements of strength, but he was not strong.

After five years of it he said to himself: "I believe that the only way to make life worth living is to have a wife to attend to the social side. There's no sense in a social side, anyway. What does it amount to? But it is, and apparently it is something that always will be. I can't attend to it. But I'm always expected to, and evidently I've either to keep on making excuses or making myself miserable, all my life, or else to find a wife who will attend to it for me."

Obviously he had not the faintest conception of what the agony was all about, nor had his uncle's will anything whatever to do with his considerations. They were carried on upon lines of pure and unadulterated instinct—just as a young duck pokes its flat bill about in a stupid search for the delicious mud which it has never seen nor heard of, except in the sweet babble of some soft nursery clucking over its pipped egg.

"I wonder how the thing should be brought about," Stanton muttered, as he lay on the sofa in the library, smoking and dreaming.

Even then the innocently stupid fellow did not dream that he was doing precisely what everyone was bent on having him do; if he had, he would not have done it. In fact, he never even fully realized how the thing was done, it was so quickly and easily accomplished when once he turned his attention that way. But that was material. It was surely done. He unquestionably became engaged, and it was a great relief to him to know and to have others know that so much progress at least had been made towards the relief from society which he sought.

The really strange thing about it was that it was a love-match. At least the Lombards all said so, and every one admitted that they were the last people in the world to be influenced by any man's millions—which proved to be the case, a little later.

The immediate effects of the engagement were not in precise line with the final results he sought, but he reasoned with himself: "I suppose it's a fellow's duty to the lady he's to marry to go with her into society, just as it's his duty to stay with her at home after they're married;" so the poor, deluded fellow plunged into a grand whirl of social life at Miss Lombard's side, only longing to have the transition state over with, that he might arrive at the stage where he could be left alone.

Stanton had hardly adjusted himself to this when another disagreeable feature presented itself. Young Lombard, his future brother-in-law, was a client of his whom he had always considered an ideal business man; but it suddenly appeared that he was also an ideal society man. It was simply a side of him with which Stanton had never chosen to come in contact. He insisted upon putting him up at two fashionable clubs.

"I'm already a member of the professional club over in the city," he said. "That has some point to it. But what's the sense of a social club?"

"It's a good place to meet the fellows and kill an hour or two of an evening now and then," Lombard urged.

"But I haven't time enough as it is, without killing any," Stanton objected. Still, he allowed himself to be put up. There was really no help for it; it occurred to him, too, that there was a certain undefined duty which a fellow owed to the brother of a lady he was about to marry; and Lombard took it upon himself to see that, after he was once well inside, he was not allowed to become a dead letter.

It's astonishing what a difference it makes with a fellow whether it's business or society he's at," Stanton reflected, as he watched young Lombard, at the clubs. "He has a wonderful facility in adjusting himself and permuting everything. I haven't a bit of it. But it's something a man ought to have. I suppose, especially if he is about to be married. If I could only be let alone, I should rather like to drop in here occasionally and look on. I might pick up some of that facility myself, in time."

The thing which he abhorred most intensely and received most abundantly was flattery. Next to that he disliked being questioned. It is often the case with an expert at cross-examinations.

One evening at the club Stanton was fortunate enough to meet a man who was not a bore. His name was Richard Raymond. He was engaged in the insurance business in the far west, and knew the country, even to the Pacific coast, with all the wonders and treasures of its vicinage, as well as Stanton knew New York or Brooklyn. He gave him more entertaining and valuable information in five minutes than he had often obtained at the club in an entire evening.

He knew Stanton, too, and said some very clever things about him, but he said them in such a clever way that they were not at all offensive. He didn't stop the moment he had said them and bow and smile and wait on a broad grin till Stanton had succeeded in saying something equally silly in contradiction or reciprocation.

Stanton smiled as he sat contentedly listening, and commented with himself: "If he were to digress to insurance, now, and ask me to take out a policy in one of his companies, I presume I should do it." But Mr. Raymond did not digress. He hardly mentioned insurance again. Speaking of minerals, however, he said that he had brought on a fine collection; it was at the hotel, and if Stanton cared to walk home that way and stop for a moment he should be glad to show it.

The collection proved thoroughly entertaining, and when, in the course of conversation upon it, the subject of California wines was touched, it appeared that Raymond had brought on some choice samples of these, too, in proof of a pet theory that with proper care in preparation, and proper age, the vineyards of the Pacific could be made to rival the vintage of the world.

While he was speaking of it he poured out a glass of the wine. This was a little different; for among other social habits which Stanton had never contracted was the habit of drinking.

"I have very rarely tasted wine, and should be no judge," he said, in an effort courteously to decline; but when Raymond gently but firmly insisted, it occurred to him that there was something of a social duty in accepting hospitality, after he had been accepting so much other entertainment, and he drank the wine, much as he would have taken out a policy in one of the insurance companies.

Unacquainted as he was with wine, Stanton was forced to admit that it was a wonderful product. Before he realized what he was doing, he had lighted a fresh cigar and made himself comfortable in one of Raymond's upholstered arm-chairs.

It seemed but a moment later when he opened his eyes with a start and a confused elation at the conviction that he had actually dropped asleep while Raymond was talking; but his eyes once open rested full upon Sam, who was laying his morning mail upon his dressing case, and over Sam's shoulder upon the clock, which declared that it was after ten.

Six days out of seven Stanton entered his office on the stroke of nine, and this was not the seventh day.

Seeing that Sam had noticed his open eyes, he simply remarked: "I am ready for my bath, Sam;" but when the man went out to prepare it, the young lawyer rose slowly and stood looking into his own face in the mirror, as though he might learn from it something which he very much wished to know.

(CONTINUED ON THREE PAGE.)

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The Jockey's Boy.

"The boy of a jockey's life is 'taking on flesh,'" says Almslee's. "He breeds this as a beauty dreads to lose her charms, and his whole thought from the age of 10 to 25 is to avoid the catastrophe. This is the pernicious feature of the life and distinguishes it as a healthful sport from boxing or from football, in which the physical being is developed according to the laws of nature and is not outraged or balked. In order to reduce his weight nine pounds Frank Overton once remained in a Turkish bath from 10 p. m. one day until 2 p. m. the next, with no nourishment except a cup of tea and some toast."

"Again, Mike Bergen, mounted on a favorite, rode such a poor race that the stewards came to the paddock to investigate and punish him for fraudulent riding. They forgave the performance, however, when they found him collapsed and unable to speak. Knowing that he had to ride at a certain weight, Bergen had spent 48 hours in a Turkish bath, eating nothing whatever. When he reached the track, he was so weak that a stimulant was necessary. The one drink of whisky he took so demoralized his faculties that he could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle."

"Such a violation of physical development at the age when a boy should be most rapidly maturing makes it difficult for a jockey ever to become robust. Moreover, the mere riding of a race is a terrible drain on the nerve force of a jockey. A boy may lose a pound of weight in a hard race."

Did Not Speak With Knowledge.

On a clear and beautiful Sunday morning in a parish not far from Milwaukee a priest was pleased to note the presence at service of an unusually large number of the male members of his congregation, and since he had been informed of considerable trouble in his flock, he considered it an opportune time to give those present a friendly, yet pointed, sermon on forbearance. He charged the men, particularly the married men, to be ever kind, courteous and considerate to women, to overlook all opportunities for trouble, to be good to them and solicitous of their welfare, and finished with a masterly peroration relating to conjugal decency on the part of husbands.

Shortly after he met an old and respected member of the church and said:

"Michael, I was glad to see you at church Sunday. And how did you like the sermon?"

"Well, father," the old man answered, "the language was beautiful, and the delivery was fine; but, the fathers, father, if you was any married about three months you'd tell a different story!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Resented the Allegation.

Two men zigzagged unsteadily down Long street the other morning shortly after midnight. It was a case of "united we stand, divided we fall." Each of course was trying to steer the other safely home. At length No. 1 came up against a pole and held fast. No. 2 tried in vain to pull him forward. Then No. 1 became impatient at the other's obstinacy and spoke very frankly:

"Shay, you're—hic—you're a shump—thash what you are! I've seen worse men 'n—hic—you in jail!"

This was more than No. 2 could stand. He felt that his honor as a gentleman had been sullied, and, bracing himself stiffly, he replied, with spirit:

"If you shay you're—hic—seen worse men, 'n me in jail, why—hic—you're a liar, thash what you are!"—Ohio State Journal.

Don't Believe All You Hear.

A man in a railway carriage was snoring so loudly that his fellow passengers decided to awake him. One particularly sensitive old gentleman shook up the sleeper with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the carriage," said the old gentleman testily.

"How do you know I'm snoring?"

"Why, we can't help but hear it."

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the culprit and went to sleep again.—London Standard.

Took No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us, and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you \$2, the regular fee, now and call it square or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's \$100."

The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed.

"Give me the \$2," he said.—Chicago Post.

They Hadn't Made Up.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in the package?"

"Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied indifferently.

"It's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—Philadelphia Press.

A Serious Complaint.

What made you leave your place with dat gemman?" asked Miss Miami Brown. "Didn't he pay you right?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "He paid fus' rate, but his clothes was so out of style that I was almost forced to keep out of society."—Washington Star.

Waited For the Appropriation.

"Yes, he has cut loose the dogs of war."

"What was holding them back?"

"The snows."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Philosopher.

Wife—There's a burglar down cellar.

Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are up stairs.

Wife—But he'll come up here.

Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely a ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—Detroit Free Press.

HER FEATHER BOA.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBINNS.

Mrs. Peckham stood before the looking glass tying on her new feather collar. It was a long one, made of turkey feathers, and as she fastened it about her neck she nodded approvingly at her reflection.

"It is becoming," she said aloud. "Yes, it is dretful becoming, but I mustn't let Jason see it. He'd think I was awful extravagant and foolish, and I'd never hear the last of it."

She looked apprehensively out of the window and saw her husband taking the last sticks of wood out of his cart and playing them on a pile in the yard. When she saw him get into the cart and drive away she began to put her gloves on, hurriedly. Her eyes fell on a plant on the window sill.

"There," she said, "I'll carry that geranium to Mary Ellen. I'll have enough things to carry—my bag and umbrella and the plant."

She had walked but a little way on the road, when, upon looking down, she noticed that her feather collar was slipping around out of place. She went on a little further, till one of the long ends hung over her shoulder.

She was a very prim person, and she could not endure to see things awry, so she stooped, put her geranium, umbrella and bag on the ground, and straightened the collar.

Then she walked on again, but almost at once she could seem to feel the boa slipping and slipping. She held her neck very straight and tried not to move her shoulders, but all in vain. In a few minutes she had to stand still again and pull the collar in place. The third time she paused for this purpose she began to have a harassed look, and her face was flushed.

"I thought it was a chilly day," she said, "but I declare I feel about melted. They told me this thing would be warm, but I did not believe it. There, I'll tie it looser, and maybe it will stay somehow."

She walked on briskly for a little way, but soon came to a halt.

"What ails the thing?" she cried, impatiently. "I should think it was alive. I'll pull it way around to the other side, and see if that will do any good."

She had lost count of the times she had stopped to straighten the boa, when the head of the collar of the car she was to have taken, and, looking up, she caught a glimpse of it as it flashed by the end of the street.

"There," she said, "you've made me lose my car. Now I'll have to wait 15 minutes. I shall lose the next one, too, if I have to stop every three minutes to fix you." She untied the strings. "I won't be bothered by the horrid thing any longer. I'll bury it on my arm, and if I'm cold I'll put it on and hold it by main strength."

Before she reached the corner the box slid off her arm, and she stood regarding it as it lay on the ground. There was a puzzled look on her face.

"I'll hide it in the bushes till I get back," she said at length, and after this was done she walked on more happily, though she was still thinking of it as she waited for the car. "It gives me the creeps to think of it," she said, "and it serves me right to have such a time with it when I knew Jason wouldn't approve of my getting it."

It was nearly dark when she returned, and a careful search in the bushes where she had left it failed to discover the feather boa.

"Well, I don't care," she said, as she gave up looking. "It's a relief to have it off my mind."

When she reached her own door a dark object lay on the step.

"Why, Dinah," said Mrs. Peckham, as she got the key, "did you want to go in?"

Usually the black cat would have arched and rubbed against her, but this time there was no movement. Mrs. Peckham stooped, looked closer, gave a startled exclamation, and picked up her feather boa.

"My goodness," she gasped, staring at it. "I thought it was the house!"

That night she dreamed of being chased by a big, black rattlesnake that wore feathers.

The next day a neighbor told how she had found the collar beside the road. "I knew it was yours, as I saw you go by with it on. So I brought it back and left it on the step."

"Suppose Jason had seen it," thought Mrs. Peckham.

After that the boa worried her. She put it in various places of concealment, each of which seemed not quite safe. She thought of burning it, but that would be wickedly wasteful, and, besides, Jason would be likely to smell it.

"I'm going to get rid of it to-day," she said at last, in desperation.

So she put it on sighing regretfully as she saw how becoming it was, and wore it to the store, where she had bought it. There she took it off and carried it on her arm.

She went to the counter where lay a little heap of feather collars, and when no one was looking, she dropped hers among them. Then she went out of the store. At the door she met a friend coming in.

"I saw you when you came in," she said, "but I thought you had on one of those feather things."

"I did," said Mrs. Peckham, in a little flutter, "but it was so hot in there that I took it off," and she made an indefinite motion toward her bag.

On the way home she caught a slight cold, and for a week she had a very stiff and painful neck. Mr. Peckham tried to find out how she had come by it, but her answers were not satisfactory.

One evening in January he came home from the village. He seemed in excellent spirits, and after supper he went out to the barn, coming in again with a large paper bag in his hand.

"You are going to have a birthday party soon, ain't you, Mary?" he said. "Well, here's a present for you."

She took the bag. It was very light. She gave him a quick glance, then lowered her eyes, and, unwinding the top of the bag, drew forth a long feather boa.

"O, Jason!" she murmured, confusedly, "thank you."

"Try it on," he urged, and he took it from her hands and put it about her neck. He stood off to view the effect.

The girl said they are becoming to everybody, and I declare, they be," he cried, enthusiastically. "Why, you've been here, Mary, how good it looks on you. It makes you look five years younger, sure. They say they are awful warm, too, and so it will keep you from having any more of those stiff necks. Come and let me in the barn and see how you look. You'd never believe how becoming it is. I wonder you never thought of getting one yourself."

Mrs. Peckham gave her husband another quick glance, but she saw that he was entirely unimpressed and guileless. So, as she followed him to look in the glass, she sighed slightly, for her feelings were very mixed.—Boston Globe.

The fig is the favorite fruit among animals, and horses, cows, hogs, sheep and goats will eat this fruit as readily as a man. The elephant considers it a dainty, while all the fowls greedily devour figs.

It's a great pity that some animals can't talk a bit greater pity that some men can.

John Olmstead's Nephew.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

"Society!" he muttered, in unutterable disgust, and began slowly poking the letters about that he might read the postmarks.

It is pleasant to have broad shoulders upon which to lay the burden of our shortcomings, even the overloaded shoulders of society.

One letter attracted his attention, more from its weight than from the fact that the handwriting was Miss Lombard's. It had evidently been delivered by messenger. He opened it mechanically and held in his hand Miss Lombard's card and their diamond engagement ring—nothing more.

"Is it broken, I wonder?" he muttered, slowly turning the ring over, before it dawned upon him that it was the engagement, not the ring, which was obviously the broken thing.

A creature of instinct, following instinct, he stretched himself, yawned, and went into the bathroom, saying to himself: "Thank heaven, there'll be no more society, no more clubs, no more wine, for me."

As Sam was leaving the bathroom, Stanton turned upon him and asked, abruptly: "Was I brought home drunk last night, Sam?"

"Too sharp a question or command had always bewildered Sam, and always would. A man often speaks the truth when he is bewildered. Sam muttered: 'Yes, sir,' and then wished he had denied it."

"Did the Lombards bring me home?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; and, as there was nothing more, he went out to kick himself about for the rest of the day.

At the office Stanton found a letter from the elder Lombard. He half expected it. He swung his chair into the best light and read himself secure in the seat before he opened it; but it was very short. He read:

"Dear Sir:—After the disgraceful exhibition which you made of yourself at our home last night, my daughter wishes me to say that love or respect from her would be no longer possible. Kindly allow all intercourse with our family to cease with this letter. We require no explanation and would accept no apology."

Slowly tearing it in pieces, Stanton said to himself:

"I rather like that letter. It's very much to the point, and there's no ambiguity; but I wish I knew how I got myself to his house and what I did there. I probably shall know, some day, and things will adjust themselves. They always do."

"They did adjust themselves, but not precisely as he anticipated. The first intimation of an adjustment came to him through the newspaper, in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Lombard and Mr. Richard Raymond."

He thought of the glass of wine, and with a shudder sprang to his feet.

Presently he was restlessly pacing the room, muttering: "Absurd! Simply impossible. Why shouldn't he marry her if he wants to? Why shouldn't she marry him? He can tell her more in ten minutes than most men could in an hour. She'd have been bored to death shut up with me. Upon my word, I believe it was fortunate all around. I've had enough of society. I'm satisfied."

I've come near enough to marriage to know that I'm not adjustable. It's an excellent place to stop."

Thereupon he stopped walking, tried to stop thinking of that glass of wine, and, having at last fully made up his mind about marrying, he expressed it so plainly to the trustees, the judge and the clergyman, when they attempted to renew their effort, and, indeed, to society at large, that the hint was finally taken. And John Olmstead's will went out of sight and out of mind.

Stanton realized that the time was coming when some distant relative of his uncle's would appear and claim the property, and he was quite content that he should have it.

"I'd like to keep this house, because it's home," he said, to himself. "But that can easily be arranged. It is neither modern nor well located to tempt one who has recently come into a large fortune. I will lay aside enough to purchase this property, and they can have the rest."

With that he dropped the entire matter, to rest until he should receive notice that the term of his possession had expired, leaving the income from the estate, as deposited for him by the trustees, to accumulate for the future purchase.

Life actually began to assume for him a certain degree of serenity. He read of the sudden death of Mrs. Raymond in the far west, and honestly felt sorry for her husband; but a little later the serenity was sadly and suddenly disturbed by a confession from a client for whom he had been doing some charity work in the courts.

In his own rough way the fellow tried to return the favor which Stanton had

being the man to the engine room, covering him with dirt and allspicing him generally, then taking him in a carriage to a certain address and leaving him in the hands of the master of the house, with the message that he had been dragged out of a fight in a low dance hall and had given that number when asked where he should be taken.

"And you was him, an' I done it," the man ejaculated, coming laboriously to the end.

Not a muscle of the lawyer's face moved till he had looked the door behind his penitent client. Then, with his fists clenched and crowded into his pockets for safe keeping, he walked slowly up and down the room.

For the first time in his life he knew what anger—hated—meant.

If Richard Raymond had come into his office he would have killed him.

A new sentiment had taken such entire possession of him that for a time he had absolutely no control over himself, and the only good fortune of it was that he fully realized the fact.

He walked and walked and struggled with himself for hours before he dared unlock that door. At length the anger was driven into his heart, but it only waited—a most disagreeable companion—waited for its victim.

Late in the fall he saw him, for the first time, walking slowly on the opposite side of Broadway.

With his fists clenched, his heart throbbing, his teeth ground hard against each other, Stanton ran across the street.

He was utterly unconscious of what he even wished to do when they should meet; but they did not meet. Raymond was nowhere to be seen when he reached the pavement. He was glad of it afterwards.

"Broadway would have been a bad place to do anything," he muttered, as he walked away; and thereupon he asked himself, for the first time, what it was that he proposed to do. To his surprise he found the solution extremely difficult.

It was still unsettled when, a few weeks later, he walked up the stone steps of his home late in the afternoon, to find Sam waiting at the door.

Sam had grown gray in the service of two generations, and was more closely identified with that house than the young master, in his own estimation at least.

His face was even whiter than his hair as he labored through the information that an officer had invaded the sacred library and had calmly taken possession of everything in the name of a new heir.

"It's only a matter of form, Sam," Stanton remarked. "I had forgotten it, but this is the day that my rights expire. I shall purchase this house, however, and everything will go on as usual."

He waited a moment in the hall, to calm himself, for in spite of his pranged plans there was something, either in the suddenness of the announcement or the manner of it, which disturbed him. It was the one spot in the world that was dear to him; the one place he loved; the one corner he held sacred. It was invaded by an officer, another, who for the moment, at least, had an undeniable right.

He entered the library. A man rose and handed him a legal document.

He turned to the light and opened it. One instant his eyes rested upon the paper. Then it fell from his hands. For a moment he stood there, motionless; then, leaving the paper on the floor, he turned from the library without a word, left the house, and like a drunken man staggered down the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

According to Dolly.

"Meecher, what are twins?" asked little Bobbie.

"I know," chimed in Dolly. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three babies is triplets; four is quadruplets and five is centuplets."—Detroit Free Press.

Substitute for Appendicitis.

Cumbers are in the market, and many otherwise good and delicious dishes may now be served procuring the kangaroo wall.—Denver Evening Post.

Raymond was nowhere to be seen.

been doing him by confessing that, some years before, he was in charge of the furnaces of a hotel when, late one night, a guest called him up to his room, showed him a man helplessly drunk, gave him \$50 and a glass of brandy and secured his services in carrying out a little job. The job consisted in tak-

ing the man to the engine room, covering him with dirt and allspicing him generally, then taking him in a carriage to a certain address and leaving him in the hands of the master of the house, with the message that he had been dragged out of a fight in a low dance hall and had given that number when asked where he should be taken.

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TALKED TOO MUCH

Graffam Thinks He Blundered
When He Was ArrestedOther News of Interest From Various
Parts of New England States.

Portland, Me., June 21.—Judge Bonney of the superior court returned from Hallowell yesterday, and Edward Graffam, who on Monday was convicted of the murder of Clifford Mosher of Gorham, made a final appearance in court. His counsel withdrew the motion for an arrest of judgment, and Graffam was sentenced to state prison for life.

Graffam said to a reporter: "I am feeling as well as a man could under the circumstances. A life sentence is a long time to serve, but it has got to come, and I might as well make the best of it. But I want to say that the verdict was based more on prejudice than on the evidence. I realize that I made my big mistake when I talked with Deputy Sheriff Plummer, who arrested me. If I had not said anything about being in the Elwood House, Boston, on the night of the murder, I could have kept the prosecuting lawyers guessing until I came on the stand."

"The officers seem to fear that you may do some injury to the negro. Hands if you get a chance," the reporter suggested.

"They need not be afraid of that," the prisoner replied. "I know that in state prison a man gets used better if he attends to his work and makes no trouble. I don't intend to lessen my liberties for the sake of harming that negro, even if he did lie about me."

"Kelley lied, too, but I haven't any desire to harm him. When you hear anything about me at Thomaston it will be that I am living up to the rules and giving the authorities no trouble."

Woman's Club Leaves Federation
Boston, June 21.—The Woman's Charity club, one of the best-known and most influential organizations of women in the state, has quit the General Federation of Women's clubs. This action was voted at a meeting held yesterday, after a lengthy and spirited discussion. There was an attempt made to show that the action was due to a drawing of the color line, but the action was taken distinctly for financial reasons, said its promoters.

Not Responsible For His Actions
Lebanon, N. H., June 21.—Eugene Mulhann was surrendered to the police by his father, he having confessed to the attempted assault upon Miss Frances Finn, a professional nurse, at the home of Mrs. Knapp. The young man has shown signs of an unsound mind for some years. He was examined by two physicians, who certified to his insanity, and Justice Doh ordered his commitment to a hospital.

Badly Hurt by Jumping
Lynn, Mass., June 21.—Miss Annie Golden is at the Lynn hospital with a fractured skull, received by a jump from an electric car. The cause of her fright was the burning out of a controller on the car. Motorman De Costa, although burned about the face; shut off the overhead switch and applied the brake, thereby preventing possible injury to other passengers.

Aid Didn't Kill Him
Portland, Me., June 21.—Frank L. Boothby, who mysteriously disappeared Wednesday after drinking a solution of muriatic acid by mistake, has turned up all right at his place of business. After taking an antidote at a drug store, Boothby took a train for Scarborough, where his family resides. He says that if he was going to die he preferred to do so at home.

Turned Down by Council
Boston, June 21.—The city loan bill, carrying \$1,000,000, which has caused not a little political excitement at city hall for nearly two months, was defeated in the common council last night, in non-concurrence with the upper board, and, it being the second defeat, the bill in its present form is killed for lack of the necessary two-thirds vote to pass it.

For Town Government
Melrose, Mass., June 21.—A largely attended meeting of citizens was held here last night, to consider the matter of returning to a town form of government, or making changes in the city charter. A committee was appointed to consider the matter. The committee will give public hearings, and will later make a report.

Columbia Took First Prize
Springfield, Mass., June 21.—Heavy winds on the streams of water prevented good scores in the play-out of the veteran firemen's muster here yesterday. Eight companies were represented at the meet. The first prize, \$250, went to the Wichecunda, Mass., company, engine Columbia, 151 feet 4 1/2 inches.

Killed by Excitement
Augusta, Me., June 21.—The house of Elynda Brown, about seven miles north of this city, was destroyed by fire yesterday, and Mrs. Brown, who had been ill for some time, died from the effects of the excitement and shock. She was removed from the burning house on a bed.

Print Works Auctioned Off
Providence, June 21.—The property of the Allen Print works was yesterday sold at auction to an agent for William W. Dunnell for \$131,550. The purchase price includes the print works, the lands, and buildings adjoining and all water rights attached to the property.

Horse Ran Away With Him
Portland, Me., June 20.—P. P. Spozeda, a grocer, was run away with while trying a horse last night. He was thrown from his wagon, and, striking head first on a hydrant, received what will doubtless prove fatal injuries.

Placed Under Heavy Bail
Boston, June 20.—In the Charlestown district court yesterday Savino Derago and Nicola Ottavio were charged with assault with intent to kill Bryan Kelley and Patrolman Jeremiah O'Brien. They pleaded not guilty, and waived the reading of the complaint. Derago was held in \$5000 bonds. Ottavio was held in \$300 as a witness.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

While fishing on the bank of the Charles river at Boston, Frank Cusack, aged 7, fell into the water and was drowned.

Professor Winslow Upton, A. M., of Brown university, has tendered his resignation to the corporation as dean of the university. His health is given as the cause.

Charles Smith, colored, was found to be suffering from smallpox at East Hampton, Conn. There are now five cases of smallpox in Middle Haddam. Herbert Crocker of Hymnals, Mass., 40 years old, attempted suicide by shooting, and will probably die.

At a meeting of the directors of the Hillsborough (N. H.) mills, action was taken looking to the liquidation of the entire business of the company. The mills, it is said, have not been making any money lately.

William H. Morton of Salmon Falls, N. H., has presented Berwick (Me.) academy with \$3000, the income of which is to be used for a scholarship.

William Elder, a market gardener, committed suicide at Portland, Me., by hanging. He had been sick and despondent.

The Lynn, Mass., board of aldermen passed an order to petition the superior court for the abolition of the seven grade crossings in that city.

A case of smallpox was discovered among the pupils of the Perry street school, New Haven, the victim being a young girl. Strict quarantine measures have been taken.

The headquarters of G. Wesley Nichols Grand Army post at Payville, Mass., with all records and relics, were destroyed in an incendiary fire. This is the second time the post has been the victim of a fire.

Another smallpox patient has gone into quarantine at Quincy, Mass., the victim being Bessie McLeod, who kept company with Kenneth McBeth, who was the first one in the city to have the disease.

Patrick F. Murphy was found dead at the foot of a flight of stairs at his lodgings at Boston. His neck was broken, and it is supposed that he fell down stairs.

Joseph Conliffe, 3 years old, was drowned in the Androscoggin river at Auburn, Me.

A town meeting was held at Fairfield, Conn., to consider the question of exterminating mosquitoes from that section. It was decided to raise \$500 immediately for that purpose.

While pulling up lobster traps at Brunswick, Me., Ernest Kittredge, 17 years old, lost his balance and fell from his boat and was drowned.

Francis O'Neil, 3 years old, fell into the manhole of a sewer at Boston, and was drowned. Raymond Jacobs, aged 12 years, was drowned at Portland, Me., while bathing. He could not swim, and went beyond his depth.

Two trolley cars collided head-on at River Point, R. I., and five persons were seriously hurt and a number of others bruised and shaken.

Miss Norma Waterbury, a freshman at Radcliffe, has won the \$100 Sargent prize for the best translation of an ode of Horace, in competition with Harvard students.

The steam saw mill and wood-working establishment owned by O. H. Farr in West Chesterfield, N. H., was burned, causing a loss of from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

Fred A. Riley, a freight brakeman, was run over by a train at Burrillville, R. I., and instantly killed.

Fire did \$7500 damage to the Taylor building at Pawtucket, R. I., and the occupants of the property.

Frank Demers of Lewiston, Me., fell from a wharf into the Cocheco river at Dover, N. H., and was drowned. While walking on a stone wall at Boston, Mrs. Maud Green, 53 years old, fell 15 feet to the railroad track beneath, receiving injuries that resulted in her death.

William Perry, aged 22, was drowned in a canal at Winslow, Me.

The Salem, Mass., board of trade was organized, with W. S. Pelton as president, Alden P. White as vice president, Charles H. Dunforth as secretary, and George A. Shepard as treasurer.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the organization of the Middlebury, Vt., Methodist Episcopal society, began at the church there with an elaborate historical sermon.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Butter—Creamery, Vermont and New Hampshire, 20c; New York, extra, 19 1/2 @20c; western, extra, 19 1/4 @20c; firsts, 18 1/2 @19c; dairy, extra, 17 1/4 @18c; imitation creamery, extra, 20 1/4 @18c; 1st. Cheese—New York twins, 6 1/2 @7c; firsts, 6 1/4 @7c; seconds, 6 1/2 @7c; western twins, 6c; Ohio flats, 5 1/2 @6c; old New York twins, 12c; firsts, 10 1/2 @11c; seconds, 9 1/2 @10c; Vermont twins, extra, 12c; firsts, 10 1/2 @11c.

Eggs—Suburban and cape fancy, 17 @18c; eastern, choice fresh, 14 @15c; Vermont and New Hampshire, choice fresh, 14 1/2 @15c; fair to good, 12 1/2 @13c; western fancy, 13 1/2 @14c; fair to good, 11 1/2 @12c; western choice, 12 1/2 @13c; southern fresh, 11 1/2 @12c.

Meats—Beef, choice, 5 1/4 @6c; good, 5c; hindquarters, choice, 10 1/2 @11c; common to good, 6 @7c; forequarters, choice, 6 1/2 @7c; common to good, 5 1/2 @6c; veal, choice, 6c; fair to good, 5 1/2 @6c; common, 4 1/2 @5c; mutton, extra, 5 1/2 @6c; common to good, 4 1/2 @5c; yearlings, 6 1/2 @7c.

Poultry—Northern and eastern fowls, extra, 13 1/2 @14c; fair to good, 10 1/2 @11c; chickens, choice, 17 1/2 @18c; fair to good, 12 1/2 @13c; western broilers, 18 @19c; fowls, choice, 10 1/2 @11c; ordinary, 9 1/2 @10c; 1st. broilers, 18 1/2 @19c; chickens, 11 @12c; fowls, 9 1/2 @10c.

Beans—Marrow, choice, \$2; medium, choice, \$2; yellow eyes, extra, \$2 1/2 @2 3/4; red kidneys, \$2 @2 1/2; foreign pea, \$1 50 @1 00.

Hay—Prime, \$18 @19c; extra, \$17 @18c; fair to good, \$15 @16c; clover mixed, \$14 @15c. Straw—Hye prime, \$2 @2 1/2; cut, \$1 50 @2 00.

California King Gold Mines Company,

32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JOHN P. JONES, PRESIDENT,

Capital, 1,000,000 Shares—Par Value, \$5.00 Each.

FULL PAID—NON-ASSESSABLE.

DIRECTORS:

HON. JOHN P. JONES, Gold Hill, Nevada, U. S. Senator and Mine Owner.
HON. JAMES B. GRANT, Denver, Col., Ex-Gov. of Colorado. Of Grant & Omaha Smelting Co.
HON. R. F. PETTIGREW, Sioux Falls, S. D., U. S. Senator.
HON. WILLARD TELLER, Denver, Col., Attorney at Law.
JEROME B. LANDFIELD, JR., Birmingham, N. Y., Director Birmingham Trust Co., Secretary and Treasurer.
WM. C. KEAN, JR., Philadelphia, Pa., Real Estate and Insurance.

BANKERS:

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, 63 Broadway, New York.

Offer 200,000 Shares Treasury Stock at \$3 Per Share..

The CALIFORNIA KING GOLD MINES COMPANY owns 23 claims in Pleacho Basin, four miles from the Colorado River, in California, and 20 miles by direct road from Yuma, Arizona.

Development work has been in progress for the last six years, and more than 10,000 feet of shafts, drifts, levels and cuts have been completed and paid for by the owners.

Upwards of FIFTEEN MILLION TONS of ore are now ready for the mill, all of which will be mined by open cuts at a nominal cost.

A contract has been entered into for the erection of a mill and cyanide plant capable of handling 1,000 TONS OF ORE DAILY, WHICH WILL BE COMPLETED THIS YEAR. The directors guarantee that this plant will be placed in operation, regardless of the amount of treasury stock subscribed.

The net profit after commencing operations will exceed \$40,000 a month, and probably reach \$100,000 a month, within a year. THE ORE IN SIGHT WILL SUPPLY SUCH A PLANT FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS.

Application will be made to list stock on the Boston Stock Exchange.

This is an opportunity for investment in a mining property of known value, managed by experienced mining men in the interest of all the stockholders, and over 20 per cent. annually is assured on the investment.

Prospectus and any information desired will be furnished on application, and subscriptions received by

Wm. M. Hughes, South Portsmouth,

Agent for State of Rhode Island.

B-15

DR. KENNEDY RELEASED

Is Under \$10,000 Bonds For His Appearance When Wanted

New York, June 19.—Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy was released under \$10,000 bail yesterday afternoon, and was cheered by a crowd of 600 men and boys as he walked to his counsel's office to join his wife. An hour later he was on his way to his home at New Dorp, which he has not seen for 34 months. Louis R. Seales, one of the eight jurors who had held out for the acquittal of Kennedy, urged Judge Newburger that the doctor be released, saying that the four jurors who had voted for conviction had authorized him to say that they endorsed this request. Lieutenant Oliver E. Hand, a retired naval officer, offered to become surety to the court, but as the real estate was in his wife's name the bond clerk refused to accept him. His wife came to court later and became surety in the sum of \$10,000. Dr. Kennedy was then released.

Ex-Governor Pingree Dead
London, June 19.—Ex-Governor H. S. Pingree of Michigan died here last night at 11:35. His son was the only person present at the time of his death. The attending doctor left Mr. Pingree's bedside at about 11:15, promising to



GOVERNOR PINGREE.

return shortly. H. S. Pingree, Jr., who has been watching at his father's side for four days, noticed a sudden change in his father's condition. He had hardly reached the patient's bedside when his father died peacefully, without warning and without speaking one word.

"An Economic Move"

Washington, June 20.—Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, in discussing the latest phase of the tariff issue which has arisen between Russia and the United States, says that the action of Russia is an economic move, and that no political significance could attach to the matter. He said he knew nothing of any European movement against American products.

Nelson Rode Too Fast to Win

Boston, June 18.—Nelson literally rode so fast that he lost in the 30 mile motor-paced race at Charles River park yesterday. His tandem slipped and went down in a heap, throwing him also, and badly injuring him. Even then he was second to Stinson, beating Michael by nearly two miles, and he broke five world's records.

Not a Presidential Aspirant

Des Moines, June 20.—Governor Shaw has received a letter from Senator Allison, replying to the governor's telegram, suggesting the senator's name for the presidential nomination by the Republicans. Governor Shaw states that Senator Allison's declaration is that under no circumstances will he be a candidate for the nomination.

A Precautionary Measure

Clinton, Mass., June 20.—The board of health has issued an order for every one in town to be vaccinated immediately, not for the reason that there are any cases of smallpox here, but on account of there being so many Italians at work on the reservoir, and the prevalence of the disease in nearby towns.

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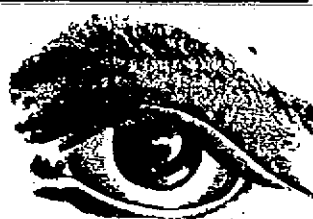
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2-23

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Election of Officers.

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Frank L. Hall, Thacher M. Adams, J.

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Junior Woodward—Barlow Eagan.

Senior Reader—Emil Page.

Deputy Grand Chief Ranger—Dennis Ma-

her.

Brother Dennis Maher was elected an hon-

orary member of this court for services for

the past four years as deputy grand chief

ranger, an honor that has never before been

conferred upon a Forester in this state.

The Story Teller.

A Boston landlord refused to entertain Sarah Bernhardt's dog. He said he didn't run a hotel for man and beast, and as Sarah had a dog and the dog is a beast, the great French actress wiped her feet on the landlord's doormat, and after giving him a few choice specimens of Parisian back talk, took her dog and her departure. Of course the landlord in question isn't obliged to run a dog house, and he needn't make any exceptions, either. But at the same time it does seem as if there should be a hotel where dogs of respectable character could be housed for the night. Of course, if necessary, there could be rules to govern the behavior of the dog guests, and these might easily be prepared by availing those already in use in the hotel rooms. For instance:

Dogs accompanied by their nurses can have special seats reserved at the second table.

Houses sent to rooms will be charged extra.

Dogs are requested not to bark out the dogs.

Dogs will kindly refrain from gnawing the soap and worrying the towel.

Dogs of musical taste are expected to conform to the rules of the house and cease their howling promptly at midnight.

Dogs are expected not to bite the chambermaid.

Dogs are warned not to leave any valuables in their room. Collars can be checked with the night dog clerk.

Dogs desiring their pants pressed while they sleep can make arrangement with the hallboy.

Dogs will please report with promptness any lack of courtesy on the part of the house employees.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Now They Are Married.

A bashful young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows and other household furniture, but each time his heart failed him, and he took the question away unopened.

She saw the anguish of his soul and had compassion on him. So the next time he came she asked him if he had thought to bring a screwdriver with him.

He blushed and wanted to know what for.

And she, in the fullness of her heart, said she did not know but that he would want to screw up his courage before he left.

He took the hint and the girl.—Pearson's Weekly.

Optimism.

When the optimist was dispossessed and thrown along with his household impedimenta into the cold street, he chuckled furiously.

"Why do you laugh, my friend?" inquired a passerby.

"Because I have just now been contemplating from this cold street the struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But now that I have been deprived of the door I no longer am compelled to toll. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity!"

Then the optimist walked off, whistling gayly, into the sunshine.—New York Sun.

One On The Tenant.

Landlord. I just came over to tell you that I've decided to raise you.

Tenant (interrupting).—Well, you needn't bother about it. I've decided to move.

Landlord.—Oh, I merely desired to say I had decided to raise your porch where it seems to sag there at the corner, and also to paper the bedrooms; but, of course, you will not, since you have decided to move, care to hear anything further about my plans. Good day. I hope you'll like it where you're going.—Chicago Herald.

An Excellent Plan.

"By gum," said farmer Jinks, "these here fanciful strikers after fame and fortune has got more nerve than!"

"What's the matter now?" asked the summer boarder.

"Why, durn, me, I answered an advertisement what said mail twenty-five cents an' learn how 'tigh rich, an' this mornin' I got a letter from the feller, an' he said: 'Advertise and work suckers like I do.'"—Denver Times.

Social Geometry.

Miss Freeman. Why, I thought you knew her. She lives in the same square with you.

Miss Hutton. Perhaps but she does not move in the same circle.—Philadelphia Press.

A Natural Result.

Madge. She is singularly deficient in the subject of history.

Majorie. What else could you expect, when she spends her time reading the popular historical novels?—Judge.

"What did you think of that picture of me in this morning's paper?" "I didn't see it. What have you been cured of?"

"This," said the hostess, presenting the social blonnes of the evening, "is Mrs. Secretary of the Commonwealth Blank. I beg pardon—I don't recall your name."

"Mrs. Postmaster and President of the General Merchandise Company of Pekinville Perkus," replied the other lady.

"That angers badly," "What?" "The fact that it's the conversation without point to it that bores the quickest."—Philadelphia Record.

In order to decide a long-standing controversy," said the squirrel, "would you mind telling me why you wobble your nose?"

"To show that I have something else to do with it besides sticking it into other people's affairs," frigidly answered the rabbit.

A big fellow, on paying his bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter.

"Well," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as if he could, though, and there was no further discussion.

"Mommie," said the languid young lady who reclined on the parlor sofa, "do you think it is wrong for a girl to throw herself at a man?"

Mommie replied: "Not if he is a good catch, dear."—Denver Times.

Thirty years since newspapers were not known in Japan. Now there are over 700 periodicals, nearly 100 of which are Christian.

Going by Contraries.

"When a lady says 'No,' she means 'Yes,'" observed the philosopher of the boarding house "and when her papa throws you down the front steps and swears at you until you have disappeared in the gloom there seem to be something contrary about him too."—Baltimore American.

Turpentine For Gapes.

Of the several hundred chicks I raised last year I lost but two with the gapes, while my neighbors lost them by the dozen, says a correspondent of New England Homestead. I gave one to three drops turpentine when the first symptoms of gapes were noticed.

Misplaced Ability.

The young collegian snatched his watch lid down with a sigh of relief. "Preached 47 minutes," he announced to his neighbor. "We ought to get a man with wind like that on our track team."—Exchange.

"One of the most characteristic sights of Rome and one comparatively little known to tourists, is now in the height of its perfection—the violets at Hadrian's villa," says a correspondent.

"On ascending the long avenue one is conscious of a perfume of violets which permeates the air. At one's feet, over the whole length and breadth of the enormous villa, is spread a perfumed carpet of this lovely flower—not monotonous purple in hue, but of many shades from the faintest red to the deepest blue."

Countess Magri, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumt, tells in the Woman's Home Companion how her husband got his title.

He was visiting Queen Victoria, and the young Prince of Wales and Princess Royal were in the room. As he stood beside the children his smallness was more noticeable. The Duke of Wellington was present and noticed this fact, evidently, with much interest, as he said to some one standing near.

"Their royal highnesses are head and shoulders taller than Tom Thumt."

This remark, the general told me, was overheard by the queen, and turning to the duke she said: "General Tom Thumt."

Bowing low to her majesty, the duke gave me the military salute, repeating the title, "General Tom Thumt."

Everybody bowed, and, although I did not fully comprehend then that her majesty's simple say-so could make it unchangeable, I was always addressed as General.

A belated constable appeared in court one afternoon to make his return. He was asked by the judge in stern tones why he did not report with the other constables at the morning session.

"I had to look up a small box, case, your honor," was the reply. "Did you find it?" asked the judge meekly. "I did," was the answer.

Then there was consternation as to what the court room and some of the lawyers left the room hastily.

No one bothered the constable after that and he handed his report to the clerk.

Special Train to San Francisco.

via Chicago & North-Western R'y, to leave Chicago Tuesday, July 30th, 11:50 P. M. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Party will be limited in number and under personal direction of Tourist Department, Chicago & North-Western R'y. Only \$50 round trip, with choice of routes interlary and map of San Francisco to J. E. Brittain, 363 Washington Street Boston, Mass. 6-19w

Uncle Sam is certainly much in evidence in England these days. The blue ribbon and the Oakes have placed America supreme on land, and the American designed yacht Nevada has won the Glasgow exhibition, a pleasant foretaste of what we hope is yet to be accomplished by the Independence.

Little Mabel. Papa, does our family own a planet?

"What nonsense, child. Who put that idea into your head?"

Little Mabel. Why, I asked teacher last night what big star it was above us, and she said it wasn't a star, but a planet, and that it was Ma's.—Town and Country.

Maud. I made the worst break last night I ever made in my life.

Mabel. How?

Maud. Broke off my engagement with Jack Billwink. His uncle died this morning and left him independently rich. Hadn't you heard?—Chicago Tribune.

Mother. Grace, you mustn't eat your ice cream so fast. There was a little girl once ate her ice cream so fast that she died before she had finished it.

Grace (aged six).—What did they do with the rest of the ice cream, ma?—Detroit Free Press.

Eve. Though I am made from one of your own ribs, if I should die, I suppose you would marry again?

Adam. If it were not to provide for such an emergency, then why was I created with a number of other ribs?

When Maude discovered on her head the first gray hair she cried:

"But soon she wiped the tears away—And then went off and died."

She enjoyed the dinner. Hugely? Deliciously, quite!

For her gown, it fit so lovely That she couldn't eat a bite.

—Detroit Journal.

At Whakarewa, New Zealand, there are geyers, hot springs, boiling pools, mud volcanoes and hot water falls.

Santa Claus is unknown in Spain. The three Magi are supposed to be the children's gift bringers.

Speak if you have something better to say than silence.—Nazianzen.

The True Poker Flat.

In 1852 Poker Flat produced \$700,000 in gold bullion in a single month and celebrated the event with a triple hanging. Then came the public spasm of virtue which caused the John Oakhursts and the "outcasts of Poker Flat" to depart from thence and die of cold and starvation on the snow-bound road to Sandy Bar. There are no "Oakhursts" nor "Uncle Billies" in Poker Flat today, and the stranger makes the slow descent and suddenly by a sharp turn in the trail comes upon the famous camp he finds in that huddle of cabins little to remind him of the Poker Flat of 1852.

The famous slope presents almost a picture of utter ruin. There are but eight persons living in the old town, while a hundred dead ones sleep in the cemetery. Some of the graves are marked with wooden headboards, some with stakes, but many have nothing above them. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rites save a Bible reading by old Charlie Pond, who, though a professional gambler, was selected for the religious office owing to his excellent voice and oratorical ability.

In 1853 and 1854 there were 2,000 souls in Poker Flat and 15 stores, 5 hotels, 3 dance halls and 7 gambling houses. There is but one man left today of that original company. He is an old and grizzled veteran, who delights to tell how in 1853 a circus came to town and sold 1,500 tickets of admission at \$20 each.—W. M. Clemens in Bookman.

A Day Dream of Tennyson.

In the "Life of Tennyson" occurs the following:

"A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this in a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. This might be the state which St. Paul describes, 'whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell.' I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment when I come back to my normal state of 'sanity' I am ready to fight for me! Heles Icy and Icy that it will last for me and ours."

The New Rabbit.

"Why, where did you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old darky who had sent the house girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me.

"I come from Decatur, Miss Alice," he said. "I got to Atlanta 'bout two hours ago, but I didn't 'low you was ready to see nobody."

"Did you come on the train?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; dat I didn't. I come in on de rabbit."

"On what?"

"On de rabbit. You sholy done heard er de new rabbit dey's got."

"Oh," I said, "you mean the rapid transit?"

"Yessum, de rabbit transubstant. Dat's what I tol' you. She ain't de color er no rabbit"—bursting into a laugh—"but she sho do git ober de ground lak one."

A Slender.

Greene—They say that Senator Keener is on the make. They even go so far as to say that that new house of his was given him in payment for his vote.

Gray—It puts me all out of temper to hear such slanders! It is as far as possible from the truth! I know all about it. It was this way: Some people who were interested in a certain bill bid him that house that he would vote against the bill, and he didn't and won the house. That was all there was about it. The idea of Keener's being open to bribery!—Boston Transcript.

Adjourned Unanimously.

Correspondent (approaching Irish sergeant)—I am told, sergeant, that you had a skirmish with the enemy this morning.

Sergeant—We did that, sor.

Correspondent—And did you come off with flying colors?

Sergeant—Floyin colors, is it? Be-dad, it wasn't owly the colors that was floyin, but every mother's son of us in the bargain.—Boston Courier.

The Sun.

Astronomers tell us that refractory elements like iron, silicon and carbon, perhaps disseminated into simpler substances, are present as vapors in the atmosphere of the sun and that many others of our well known elements, including hydrogen, are also present in this glowing atmosphere, while the heat of the sun's surface and that of the hotter stars is vastly higher than that of the electric furnace.

His Age.

Being asked his age, a colored citizen in a Billville district replied:

"Well, sub, I some older dan dat pine tree yander. I'll bit youbser dan dat live oak by de gate en not quite so ol ez de house whar I livin at. I ain't much on figgers myself, but you kin count en see!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Nearest He Ever Came to It.

"Colonel," she asked, "have you ever been up in a balloon?"

"No," he answered, "but I got to talking art to a Boston lady once, and she had me away up in the air inside of two minutes."—Chicago Herald.

His Age.

The fig is the favorite fruit among animals, and horses, cows, dogs, sheep and goats will eat this fruit as readily as man. The elephant considers it a dainty, while all the fowls greedily devour figs.

CASTORIA.

It is the Kind You Have Always Bought

Beats the Sign of the Star

at

Calendar Avenue.

The Bride at Last Said "Obey."

In telling about "Home People I Have Married" in Ladies' Home Journal the Rev. D. M. Steele says: "Being an Episcopalian, I always use the formal printed service of the prayer book. In this the greatest stickler is 'obey.' One day a couple came to me, bringing as witnesses the parents of both bride and groom. Everything proceeded smoothly to the point 'love, honor and obey,' when the bride refused to say the last. I repeated it and waited. Again she refused, and I shut up my book.

"Then there was a scene. They talked it over, and the more seriously they argued and discussed the more stubbornly she refused. The parents became angry, the groom excited and the bride hysterical. To humor her, he joined in the request to have me leave it out. But I liked the fellow and decided that a little sternness from me in the present might be a favor to him in the future. So I told them I had no authority to change it and would not do so. I tried to show the foolishness of her objection, but it was no use.

"Finally I said to him: 'Well, this household must have a head somewhere. I will leave it out for her if you will say it.' Then it was his time to refuse, which he did. He gathered up his hat and started for the door, when, presto change, she sprang after him, led him back by the hand, looked meekly up at him and said it."

A Winning Touch.

"Darling!" The strong, manly voice was low and intense as the handsome face bent over the fair, bowed head by the fire.

"Darling," he went on eagerly, "there are others here observing us. I must see you a moment alone."

For an instant the listener was quiet, and not a curl stirred on the lofty brow. Then the blue eyes were raised to the beseeching dark ones.

"Yes, what is it?" was the low reply. "I—well—"

A slight red flush mantled the neck and cheeks of the speaker, in striking contrast to the cool, calm dignity displayed in every movement of the half reclining figure in the big plush chair.

"The fact is," he went on, mustering up courage, the little embarrassment giving place to a little more self confidence, "I have come to ask you something I never expected would pass my lips, especially after the last sum I borrowed from you. Darling, will you lend me \$10?"

Jack Darling laid aside his paper. "Of course, old man," he cried heartily. "Let's first get a drink." And the two passed out of the clubroom together.—San Francisco News Letter.

A Last Resource.

A lady was recently reading to her young son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?"

"Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother. "but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother, "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible after thinking a moment, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.—London Answers.

Immediately Suspicious.

"Why did you terminate your interview with that professional politician so abruptly?" asked the confidential man.

"He made me suspicious at the outset," said Senator Bringham. "I don't care how much preparation my assistants use toward other people, but I want them to be frank and honest with me. The first thing that man did was to tell me a falsehood. He said he was working from disinterested motives and didn't want money."—Washington Star.

Difficult to Treat.

"Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves.

"Imaginary insomnia," replied Mrs. Fosdick.

"Imaginary insomnia?" repeated the physician inquiringly.

"That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets lots more sleep than I do."—Detroit Free Press.

Misplaced Ability.

The young collegian snatched his watch lid down with a sigh of relief. "Preached 47 minutes," he announced to his neighbor. "We ought to get a man with wind like that on our track team."—Exchange.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Capiva, Cubeb or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

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Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

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Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

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The Whole Story in one letter about

Pain-Killer

(PENNY DAVIDS)

From Capt. F. Lyle, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "We frequently use PENNY DAVIDS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, foot bites, chilblains, cramps, and all affections which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts. New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. ARMY & NAVY

TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 12 1/2 cents per package, at all druggists.

GREGORY'S Warranted Seed</

The Jacksonville Fire.

Newport Man, who Passed Through the Terrible Ordeal and Lost his Home, Writes his Experiences—Now Receiving Aid from the Relief Committee.

RIVERSIDE CAMP, No. 1,
Jacksonville, June 11, 1901.

Editor Newport Mercury,

Dear Sir: Being a Newport boy, but now residing in this city, and a sufferer from the late fire on May 31, would like to give your readers a brief account of the calamity we passed through on that terrible day and night.

At noon on the 31st of May I left my place of business on Main street to go to my dinner. I had hardly got seated at my table when the alarm was rung in. Hardly ten minutes had elapsed when the second alarm was pulled; then came the third alarm. Rushing out of the street I saw volumes of smoke ascending heavenward, and people rushing from their homes to witness the sight. Not stopping to finish my noon-day meal I gathered with the crowd and went to the northwest part of the city, one mile from my home, to the fire to find that the Cleveland moss and fiber factory was in flames. It was a large wooden structure.

In ten minutes after I arrived houses were afloat in every direction, while the wind blew very hard from the northeast. I assisted people to remove their household goods to the streets, only to see them destroyed by the flames. The chief of the fire department was overcome by the heat and had to be removed to a place of safety. In less than an hour the city was doomed and gives up by the fire department, though the fire boys worked nobly to save life and property.

Heading for the Catholic church on Church street in the east part of the city was on fire, just one block from home. I started in that direction, going through dense volumes of fire and smoke, and arrived at my house to find that also in flames and women and children running in every direction, wild with fright, and not knowing where to go to escape destruction. One of my daughters was slightly burned in passing the Catholic church to my home. Gathering my family together we all made for a marsh led on the Saint Johns creek to find hundreds of others assembled there. We had to remain there all night.

After the line of smoke was crossed in the streets and was reduced to a charred mass. By 4 o'clock the beautiful city of Jacksonville was completely destroyed. Through the kindness of Mr. C. F. Turner my family was sheltered. I remained with him a week and was then furnished with a tent by the relief committee.

Our camp is situated in the northeast portion of the city, a beautiful locality. It consists of about 40 tents, also a relief commissary in the camp. Everything is being done by the relief committee for our comfort. The outlook is that we will have to remain in tents all summer. There is some sickness in our camp and the doctors seem to think that there will be considerable more as the women and children are not accustomed to camp life.

Relief is coming from all parts of the United States daily. The White and Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine companies have sent car-loads of machines to be distributed among the needy sufferers. Through the kindness of Mayor Bonden of this city my wife received a beautiful White machine for the one she lost by the fire. The relief association is providing families with blue flame kerosene stoves. The ladies of the ladies relief association visit our camp daily to see what we need; also a doctor from the board of health calls every day. We have had considerable rain of late and the hot sun makes it very disagreeable for us. It is a sad sight to see so many who have lost their all living in tents.

People have commenced to build in the burned district and the future looks for a better Jacksonville than the past. We thank the people of Newport and the State of Rhode Island for what they have sent to relieve our suffering. Thinking you for a space in your paper, I am,

Very Respectfully Yours,
E. E. Essex.

An Old Legend.

Many years ago a dog lay dead in the streets of Jerusalem. He had no mourners, for he had never known a master; he was merely one of the many scavenger curs that infest the streets of most oriental cities and scramble and fight for a living. This one had been a warrior in his day, and his scarred skin and tattered ears bore ample testimony to many a hard fought battle and even now as he lay dead in the street his lips were drawn back over his gleaming teeth in a snarl of defiance.

"Faugh!" cried a passer-by, "why is this creature left here? Miserable cur, how hideous he is!"

"Ugly brute!" said a second, "see how his ears are torn!"

"Bah, how he smells!" said a third, "and the hair is quite gone from one side of his ugly body!"

"Yes, and his skin is all scarred!" said a fourth, and he pushed him from his path with his stick.

"Pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth," said a quiet voice in the first pass.

"Surely," said a bystander, as the gentle speaker passed on, "that must be the Man of Nazareth! Who but he could see any beauty in an old dead dog!"

Dense.

"I say, Scribbler," said Sappy, "how on earth do you think up all these chavaciers you write about?"

"Oh, I take them from real life," replied Scribbler, "but they never suspect. Take, for instance, the character of Wooddy Britten, who is always saying 'dooced' this and 'dooced' that. Now, that's a fellow I know very well, but he doesn't know I'm using him."

"Oh, come now, I say! How dooced elevah of you?" Dooced stupid of him, though!—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Halloo! Halloo! Is this the gas company's office?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"When do the entries for the next races open?"

"We don't know anything about the races; this is the gas office."

"Correct; but I thought you could tell me."

"Why, what do you want to know for?"

"Oh, nothing particular, I have a gas meter I would like to enter, that's all."

—The redemption of the soul is from within, wrought with suffering through love.—Oliver Schreiner

Tommy's Visit to a Volcano.

Ever since I was quite a little fellow—I am about nine now—I have been interested in volcanoes.

Once I tried to make one in the back yard, but mother says I mustn't tell about that, as it is a very naughty, dangerous thing to do; for when my volcano burst—erupted, I think it is the word—it burnt off my eyebrows and eyelashes, a little bit of my hat, and took a lot of skin from one cheek and hand. That was not a nice volcano.

But though I stopped making volcanoes I kept thinking about them, and I studied about them in my geography. And last spring when mother told me that she was going to take me to Italy, the first thing I asked was: "Shall I see a volcano?"

She said: "Yes, we are going straight to one. The Vesuvius you have studied about is very near Naples, and Naples is where we are going to land."

I tell you I was glad, and all the time we were on the journey I talked about Vesuvius. Mother promised, no matter what time in the night we came in sight of it, she would let me get up to see it. So very late one night she waked me up. She had to call and shake me several times; the minute she said, "We can see the volcano now," I was wide awake in a jiffy.

We hurried up on deck and there was dear old Vesuvius looking just like the pictures—fire-trembling up out of the top and a great red burning place on the side! Burning lava a man said that was. It was just splendid, and mother and I took a good, long look at it, and then I had to go back to bed. I was so glad that I saw the volcano then, for every night was foggy while we stayed in Naples, and Vesuvius never showed nice and red again, but was all pinky gray and smoky.

One day mother and I went up Vesuvius by carriage from Naples. We went through ever so many miles of dreadful looking black lava. It was everywhere, in big piles, and then like rivers, only all hard and twisted sometimes like ropes. In one field was a big stream of lava still smoking, quite close to grass and trees.

I kept jumping out of the carriage to pick up pieces of lava, and sometimes I found pretty flowers growing among the old, soft powdery lava. The horses had to walk every step of the way up the mountain; and by and by we had to walk too, as the lava had come across the road earlier in the season. After a while we came to a little railway station and we went up the cone of the volcano in queer open cars. We could see out each side and the track was about as steep as the side of a house. Then we had to walk ever so far through very deep ashes to the crater; and the guides held us by our arms and let us look down into the crater.

It was an awful big, deep hole, and one side was bright yellow with sulphur, and a strong smell of matches made us cough. Down in the bottom of the crater were some round, red, fiery holes where it was boiling and bubbling like fury. Then there would come a loud roar and the guides pulled us back and we ran off a little way; and lots of red-hot pieces of lava came out of the crater and one piece hit a girl on the back and burned her dress a little and she cried pretty loud, but she was more scared than hurt, mother said.

When we came down on the railroad we stopped at the little eating-room and had some nice rolls and coffee. Think of eating on the top of a volcano! Then at the little store I bought a pretty sheet of paper with a picture of Vesuvius on it in colors, just as natural as could be, and I wrote a letter to my little sister in London. I posted it just there, and when I got home my sister showed me the letter, with the postmark "Vesuvius" on the envelope.

A big wagon took us down the road to where the lava stopped us in coming up, and we walked quickly across the lava and found the carriage waiting and then we drove to the hotel; but I was so very tired that the first thing I knew I was fast asleep and dreamed I was still climbing Vesuvius.—E. Robinson in the Children's Friend.

Robbins. Funny, but young people who seem to love one another the most devotedly are oftentimes the first people to fight after marriage.

Wren. The trouble is, you see, they endeavor to protect the "two souls with but a single thought" idea too far. Two persons with but a single thought between them cannot help hating one another sooner or later.—Boston Transcript.

Woman of the House. You've been here half a dozen times and got nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep on coming for?

Tufford Knott (with impressive dignity)—I ain't no common tramp, ma'am. I'm around studyin' conditions.—Chicago Tribune.

A little boy escaped from his governess the other day and strayed into his father's office. He walked all around, gravely surveying the clerks on their stools. One of them, amused at the scrutiny, said: "Well, Percy, what do you think of us?" "I think you are very mean!" was the boy's reply. "There is not one of you has given me a penny!"

Tess. He proposed to her in rather a gruesome way.

Jess. Why, I understood he merely asked her to share his fortune.

Tess. No, he asked her if she would care to share his lot. They were walking in the cemetery at the time.—Philadelphia Press.

She. You must have met Miss Sharp, haven't you?

He. Yes, I have met her.

She. I thought so. She didn't mention any names, and she wouldn't let me repeat what she said but I thought she meant you.—Puck.

Gaul. Say, lend me \$10, will you? I'll give it back to-day. I want it to decide a bet.

Klose. All right, here you are. What was the bet?

Gaul. Smothers bet me \$10 that I could not borrow ten from you.—Philadelphia Press.

"It is a strange fact," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "that a man will go about with the bald spot on the top of his head bare, while a woman must have four or five pounds of false hair and a \$10 bonnet to cover hers."—Youkers Stateman.

He. They can photograph the voice now. She. Goodness! I hope I'll never live to see a picture of the things you say when your collar button drops down your back.—Christian Endeavor World.

Muggins. Wigwag is a queer fellow. Buggins. What's he up to now? Muggins. He has a bad cold and denies that it's the grip.—Philadelphia Record.

A Great Scheme.

One of the men who will enter the next congress as a member of the house makes this honest confession:

"You know that my district is too close for comfort. One evening I had a big meeting in a locality where it was a toss-up which party would win out at the polls. I had not lived all my years in the district, but I challenged any man within the hearing of my voice to put his finger on a single act of mine that so much as suggested want of honesty and manliness."

"A wizen little old chap arose in the back of the hall and in a shrill, nasal voice read what purported to be a clipping from a western newspaper, the date being in the early seventies. In it I was charged with getting all my poultry from a neighbor's chicken coop, with being a Sunday school superintendent as a blind and with decamping between two days with \$5,000 of my partner's money."

"The audience looked blank and muttered ominously. I dramatically edited for the clipping, and it was brought to me by a young man in the audience while I was denying the accusations in burning language and branding them as the contemptible products of a desperate opposition."

"I read the article aloud and then asked for a few hours in which to refute it by telegraphic evidence. Suddenly I leaped up, tried the paper between my finger and thumb, held it between me and the light and jubilantly exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, I know something about paper, as I'm interested in a factory. This is made from wood fiber, and there were no wood fiber mills 30 years ago.'"

"Then I scorching and roasted with mighty indignation until I had the crowd in a frenzy as it rushed forth to wreak vengeance on my trader after a unanimous vote to support me. It was a small town, and they searched house after house, but failed to find their victim."

"Where was he?"

"Well, of course they didn't go through my house. The dear old chap was my favorite uncle. Great scheme, wasn't it?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Winning Touch.

"Darling!"

The strong, manly voice was low and intense as the handsome face bent over the fair, bowed head by the fire.

"Darling," he went on eagerly, "there are others here observing us. I must see you a moment alone."

For an instant the listener was quiet, and not a curl stirred on the lofty brow. Then the blue eyes were raised to the beseeching dark ones.

"Yes, what is it?" was the low reply.

"I—well—"

A slight red flush mantled the neck and cheeks of the speaker, in striking contrast to the cool, calm dignity displayed in every movement of the half reclining figure in the big plush chair.

"The fact is," he went on, mustering up courage, the first embarrassment giving place to a little more self confidence, "I have come to ask you something I never expected would pass my lips, especially after the last sum I borrowed from you. Darling, will you lend me \$10?"

Jack Darling laid aside his paper. "Of course, old man," he cried heartily. "Let's first get a drink." And the two passed out of the clubroom together.—San Francisco News Letter.

Money or Books.

The interesting statement is going the rounds of the newspapers that the late Jay Gould, many times a millionaire, and John Burroughs, the world-famous naturalist, were schoolboys together in New York.

Gould had books he didn't want and lacked money which he craved, while young Burroughs had money that was a bore to him, but was zealous in acquiring and reading books.

The price put by Gould upon his certain lot of books in his juvenile library was eighty cents, and Burroughs boasted until he had secured the required amount when, to the enigma, satisfaction of both youngsters, Burroughs got the books and used them to good purpose, while Gould got his first pocketful of big copper cents with which it is fair to presume, he regularly began to do business.

His First Use.

"Maria," said a business man, residing in the suburbs, to his wife, "you have been wanting a telephone in the house for a long time. The workmen will come and put one up to-day. Call me up after they have gone away, to see if it works all right."

Late in the afternoon there was a call at the telephone in his office downtown.

Putting the receiver to his ear, he recognized the voice of his wife, pitched in a somewhat high key.

"Is that you, James?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Will you please go out right now and mail that letter I gave you this morning?"

He had forgotten it, of course, and he obeyed.—Youth's Companion.

Disappointed in Bella.

"How did you find your married daughter getting along when you visited her in the city, Uncle Josh?"

"Oh, Bella's gettin' along well enough, but she's just like all them society folks now, and I don't think I could ever get used to their ways. The first thing she did when I went into the house was to give me a splendid big rockin' chair to sit in, and the next thing was to tell me it wasn't good form to rock it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Great Relief.

Mrs. Catterton. I thought I would come and tell you that your Harold has been fighting with my Hobbie, and settle the matter if you will.

Mrs. Hatterton. Well, for my part, I have no time to enter into any discussion about children's quarrels. I hope I am above such things.

"I'm delighted to hear that. I'll send Harold over on a stretcher in an hour or so."—Harper's Bazar.

Rantson Storms (loftily)—I am going to appear at a Broadway theatre in a couple of months.

Harrison Legree. Well, you want to have the price of a ticket with you—most of them don't recognize the profession any more.—Puck.

"If there's one man in the world I hate it is that fellow behind me."

"Do you know, sir, that he's my husband?"

"Oh, really? W—w—why, of course, that's why I hate him."—Fun.

American Products Abroad.

So much is said in the English and German papers of the demand for American products and manufactures throughout the world that interest in the economic system of the United States is plainly seen to be increasing. Speaking of American industries a Berlin publication remarks: "With a quickness almost without example in the history of civilization, an industry has been developed which, without any old tradition, produces in many respects articles worthy to be used as models."

The writer goes on to say that "the importation of American goods into Europe is becoming steadily more dangerous." Our productions are winning on their merits, and in the face, generally, of considerable duties imposed. To call this development dangerous is to apply that word of evil omen to progress itself. American workers are ever moving onward. If foreign artisans are stationary or ultra conservative the danger is in their own methods.

In this connection it must be remembered that American wages are the highest in the world. The well-paid Americans are drawing ahead of their competitors, an admission found abundantly of late in the English and German press. Insuring a better return for his labor and enjoying the benefits of free institutions the American worker displays a higher adaptive intelligence and reaches results that are viewed with concern in Europe. The American scale of wages is the best and most profitable, when coupled with the other advantages within the reach of all in this country. Judged by the statistics of the year, the existing moderate tariff is a masterpiece, for, while it furnishes a prudent protection, it also marks the period of our greatest foreign trade.

Love of One's Country.

When Admiral Schley landed in New York a short time ago he burst out with: "How glad I am to get back to God's country. I almost feel like kissing the ground." Referring to the remark, "The Chicago Record-Herald" says that "one great trouble with our pessimists is that they don't have chances enough to get away from home."

It might almost be said that the pessimists regarding our country are almost entirely those who do not get away from home. Those who are continually finding fault with present conditions, and telling how much better these things are done elsewhere, are in a large part persons who haven't been away.

A large element in human nature is dissatisfaction with present conditions. Without such a spirit we would make no progress. But when that restless develops the belief that certain persons experience all the misfortune in the world, or that a particular city or state or country offers the least opportunities for profitable livelihood, the spirit becomes detrimental to the welfare of society.

The more we get outside ourselves the more we are impressed with the fact that others have troubles and misgivings as well as we. There is nothing like travel to dissipate pessimism, and to convince us that the place we live in has its advantages for us.

A young woman, whose home is on St. Paul street, tells the following story: "I lately returned from an out of town visit and found that an arrangement had been made with a friend of my brother, who has a farm near town, to supply our household with fresh country eggs every week. Last Monday night the maid had gone to the Wild West show, so when the bell rang at nearly nine o'clock I went to the door. A young man stood there, looking in the hall light the living image of a friend of mine from out of town, who has a way of dropping in unexpectedly by his side was a salt case. I am very fond of this friend; he is a great deal younger than I am; I was delighted to see him. I held out my hand cordially; he grasped it. I cried 'You angel boy! There was a pause. The man was smiling, but he said calmly, 'I believe you are mistaken. 'Oh, aren't you Mr. Blank?' I cried. 'I'm sorry to say,' replied the caller, 'that I am not.' 'Well, who are you?' 'Mr. — with the eggs.' I managed to invite him in and left him while I went up stairs to recover from the laughter that possessed me. When I returned to get the suit case of eggs, Mr. — said that the affectionate greeting given him made him believe that he was bringing the most wonderful eggs in the world. I tried to give reasons for my stupidity, that I am near-sighted; that he very much resembles my friend, and have sent my brother to explain more fully."—Baltimore Sun.

"Why," they asked, "do you marry her?"

"It is due entirely," he replied, "to consideration for my creditors."

"But," they persisted, "is not the girl entitled to a little consideration?"

This, however, was entering upon an ethical question that an impoverished nobleman could not be expected to fully grasp.—Chicago Post.

"But is the dog gentle?"

"Gentle! He's so gentle that when a sneak thief came along one night and stole the doorman from under the dog he just rolled over and slept on the bare boards rather than make himself disagreeable."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Wunder. Yes, our new cook is an awfully good girl, but I think she is almost fanatical.

Mrs. Askit. How is that?

Mrs. Wunder. Why, she is so opposed to filching that she will not wash the potatoes.—Baltimore American.

"My dear sir, it strikes me that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes, I have sent it around often enough to make it appear so, and now I hope to get it squared."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

Ofentimes it is the man who looks the most like one who is most exact in his opposition to the theory that mankind sprang from the monkey.—Boston Transcript.

Cobble. There goes Glover, one of my best friends. Never knew him to say one word against me.

Stone. Yes, he's a fellow of rare restraint.—Detroit Free Press.

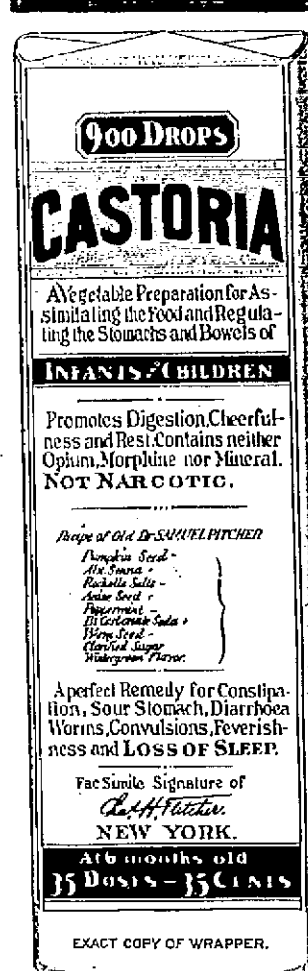
"Is he a criminal lawyer?"

"Well I should hardly call him a criminal, though some of his practices come very close to being felonies."—Town and Country.

Something we must believe in and do.—George Eliot.

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As Others See Us.

Welderly. What's the matter with your friend S. Reagle?

Singleton. He's in love—lost his heart, you know.

Welderly. Huh! Judging from the noise he makes one would think he had lost his collar button.—Chicago Daily News

A Philosopher.

Wife. There's a burglar down cellar, Henry.

Husband. Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are up stairs.

Wife. But he'll come up here.

Husband. Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely a ten room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was One of Them.

Manning. A year or two ago I advised Fletcher to write a book on the famous men he had met.

Boyd. And did he do it?

Manning. He wrote an autobiography.—Boston Transcript.

"Those new neighbors humiliated me dreadfully to-day."

"How?"

Why, they sent over to borrow our Bible. Said they had forgotten theirs when they moved. And I'm almost sorry I let 'em take it."

"But why?"

"Because it doesn't look as if it ever had been used."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Towne. Spurger's in high feathers just now.

Browne. What about?

Towne. Over the thought that he's got some particular friends residing in Buffalo.

Browne. I don't see any occasion for Spurger's joy if they're really particular.—Philadelphia Press.

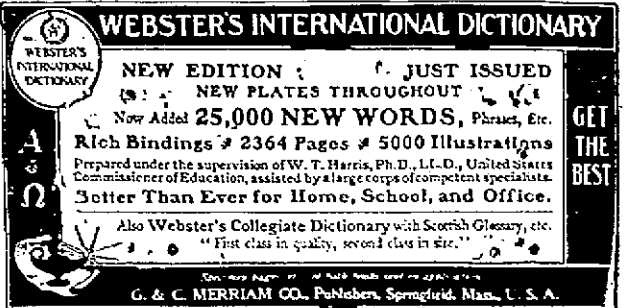
"There's no use in telling me," Uncle Allen Sparks was saying, "that just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." There is Gamble, for instance. When he was a boy and went to spelling he always spelt everybody down and now he's making a living by writing dialect poems."—Chicago Tribune.

Antiquity Dealer—Madame, this Spanish coin is old—more than 100 years old.

Madame. H'm it is stamped 1870.

Antiquity Dealer. Is that so? Well, that, of course, is a misprint. Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why, oh, why," wailed the woman, plucking up the watch at her feet and holding it to her ear, "doesn't somebody invent a watch that you can drop without its stopping?"—New York Sun.



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Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. THILEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, June 22, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND
DESCENDANTS OF WALTER
COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS.
1613-1870.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

Deacon Daniel (33) died in Bellingham, Mass., Aug. 6, 1784 (Dorens Cooke's records, died April 18, 1785; married there, Dec. 25, 1740, Elizabeth Scott, dau. of Joseph and Elizabeth (Jencks) Scott; Elizabeth Jencks was dau. of Samuel (Joseph) and Elizabeth Darling.

Elizabeth Scott, born at Bellingham, Mass., March 9, 1728, and there died, Nov. 28, 1815. Her emigrant ancestor was Richard Scott, who married Catherine Marbury, (whose mother was Bridget Dryden, sister of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Baronet) grandfather of Peter Dryden, whose father was Rev. Francis Marbury of London, Eng. Richard Scott, first Quaker resident at Providence, R. I., had a son John, who also had a son John Scott, who married Elizabeth Winton, who was sister to Gov. William and Gov. John Winton, before mentioned. John Scott had a brother Sylvanus, who married Joanna Jencks, by each of whom the names of Sylvanus and Joanna came into the Cooke family.

The father of Bridget Dryden by his wife acquired the estate of Canons Ashley, and had the friendship of the great scholar Erasmus, in memory of which he gave his eldest son the name of Erasmus, which name continued in the Dryden family, as the father of the poet, John Dryden, born 1631, died 1700, was also named Erasmus.

The Drydens were Puritans and anti-monarchical, but the poet Dryden in the last of his life became a Roman Catholic. Eney. Britannica says Sir Erasmus Dryden went to prison rather than pay loan money to Charles II. Thus is shown the temperaments that must have come down to the Marburys who married Scotts and they Cookes. Erasmus Dryden, father of the poet, and his uncle, Sir Erasmus Dryden, served on Government commissions during the Commonwealth. The wife of Erasmus Dryden, mother of the poet, was the name of Pickering, also a prominent Puritan family, and of them were those who married into the Cooke family. The cousin of the poet was Sir Gilbert Pickering, Chamberlain to the Protector, and his favorite, who in 1653, made him a peer. The poet's grandfather, on his mother's side, was Rector of Abington, All Saints.

The poet married Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister of Sir Robert Howard, Dec. 1, 1682. She was grand niece to Bridget Dryden, sister of her husband's grandfather.

Mrs. Hutchinson, who became an Anabaptist, and at first preached by repeating the sermons of Mr. Cotton, whom she greatly admired, added recollections of her own, and thus varied the sermons of Cotton to suit her own opinions, and met meetings for women, a thing unheard of then, until a synod was convened in 1637, the first in America. Ann, who called before it, and corrected from Massachusetts, she was a niece of Catherine (Marbury) Scott, as she was daughter of Rev. Edward Marbury, and her husband was William, son of Edward Hutchinson, Ann, with her husband, went to Rhode Island.

Those who are of the name of Whipple, Winton, Hopkins, Holden, Scott, Cooke and Brownell, have interest in the foregoing evidence of transmission.

Richard Scott bought the house for a meadow of Joshua Verin, when he had to leave Providence on account of Roger Williams' judgment that his wife should mind the priest rather than her husband, when the husband told her to stay at home, but the priest told her to go to church. So Verin's land was confiscated, and he was banished, and John Whipple bought the land, although Scott thought he bought it all until he searched the deed.

That Verin land descended to the Whipples, of whom was the second wife, Abigail Whipple, of Capt. Benoni Cooke (Christopher, Capt. Peter, Deacon Nicholas, Nicholas, Walter, whose record will be given later. John Scott (Richard) had a son John, who married Elizabeth Winton, daughter of Edward, Quaker and shipbuilder, in Scituate, Mass., 1661, and his second wife. (See Austin, p. 378.) Winton genealogy says that Elizabeth Winton married Edward Scott, of Scott Hall, Kent, Eng., 1668. Children of Deacon Dan^r Cooke and Elizabeth Scott, born in Bellingham, Mass., were:

215. Jeannine Cooke, born Jan. 27, 1748.

216. John Cooke, born Aug. 6, 1749; married Alice Rockwood, Nov. 26, 1778.

217. Deacon David Cooke, born Nov. 8, 1751, married 1777, Susanna Legg, he died Feb. 28, 1838, she died Sept. 21, 1797.

218. Joanna Cooke, born Feb. 3, 1754; married Deacon Neah Alden.

219. Lieut. Daniel Cooke, born April 11, 1756; married Charlotte —; she died May 5, 1838, in her 74th year; he died Oct. 12, 1825, in his 70th year. (See Bellingham, Mass. gravestones.)

220. Elizabeth Cooke, born Feb. 13, 1758.

221. Lavinda Cooke, born Dec. 21, 1760; married Oct. 8, 1778, Joshua Lazzell, son of Isaac and Deborah (Marsh) Lazzell.

222. Phoebe Cooke, born April 13, 1763, died March 7, 1838, unmarried.

223. Seth Cooke, born March 20, 1768, d. June 7, 1851, unmarried.

224. Joseph Cooke, b. Ap. 14, 1769.

225. (Gen.) Elias Cooke, b. Dec. 30, 1770; d. Dec. 3, 1863; md. Mary —; she d. Sept. 23, 1890, aged 92 yrs; lived at Bellingham, Mass.

William Cooke (91) md. Priscilla

Dallou, dau. of James and Catherine (Arnold) Dallou (Maturin). He died in Richmond, New Hampshire, 1791. She was born in Wrentham, Mass., Oct. 9, 1720; published in marriage to Wm. Cooke, in Bellingham, Mass., Nov. 10, 1738. She married 2d, Dec. 9, 1792, Silas Chamberlain of Royalston, Mass. William settled on lot south of his brother Nicholas Cooke, built the mills at No. Richmond, N. H. 8 children are recorded at Bellingham, and 2 in Richmond, N. H., as follows:

227. Samuel Cooke, b. Nov. 12, 1755, perhaps died young.

228. Susanna Cooke, b. Nov. 30, 1758; md. Paul Aldrich, Dec. 11, 1777.

229. Sylvanus Cooke, b. Sept. 5, 1759; md. Elizabeth Burney of Richmond, N. H., Jan. 8, 1782.

230. James Cooke, b. June 7, 1760; md. (1) Oct. 16, 1780, Elizabeth Ingalls; md. (2) Waitstill Fuller, went to Wallingford, Conn., in 1805, d. July 18, 1810.

231. Catherine Cooke, b. March 6, 1764.

232. Priscilla Cooke, b. Ap. 20, 1765; md. Dec. 10, 1788, Oliver Harris, in Richmond, N. H.

233. William Cooke, b. Mar. 11, 1770; md. Eunice Mann, in 1790.

234. Nicholas Cooke, b. Aug. 16, 1772; settled in Wallingford, Vt., and married.

235. Elizabeth Cooke, b. May 18, 1778; Hist. of Richmond, N. H., says b. 1775; md. Ernest Olmstead, Jan. 8, 1807; son of Lieut. Elijah and Sarah (Terry) Olmstead.

236. Lucette Cooke, b. Ap. 17, 1767; md. Ezek Buffum; she d. Oct. 9, 1855; he d. Dec. 31, 1831, aged 69 yrs.

Caleb Cooke (95) d. at Bellingham, Mass., Oct. 6, 1788; md. Sept. 17, 1783, Provident Gaskill, dau. of Jonathan and Alice (Pickering) Gaskill. She died 1797, lived in Bellingham, Mass. Their children were:

237. George Cooke md. Phoebe Jillson.

238. Abigail Cooke still born (twins) b. June 19, 1781.

239. Oliver Cooke, b. Mar. 30, 1755; md. Samuel Curtis.

240. Phoebe Cooke, b. Dec. 21, 1757.

241. Phyllis Cooke, b. Oct. 30, 1760; md. Amariah Curtis.

242. Zuriel Cooke and 243. Aurilla Cooke, twins, b. Oct. 22, 1762.

244. Susil Cooke, b. Oct. 22, 1763. (Hist. of Woonsocket.)

245. Jeannine Cooke, b. Oct. 10, 1765; md. Benjamin Hewes.

246. Simon Cooke, b. Dec. 8, 1770; md. (1) Rhoda Mann; md. (2) Rachel Barret; md. (3) Sarah Smead.

247. Elizabeth Cooke, b. Oct. 31, 1772; d. Feb. 1, 1819; md. (1) Gideon Mann, 1777; md. (2) Jeremiah Thayer, Jr.

Elizabeth Cooke (96) md. Capt. Abner Aldrich, b. Nov. 17, 1727, son of David and Hannah Aldrich of Mendon, Mass., Dec. 16, 1747. Elizabeth died May 7, 1804, aged 75 yrs; Abner md. (2) Dec. 16, 1805, Anna Brown, in his old age; he died Oct. 31, 1815, aged 68. He was in Colonial service, in old French and Indian War, went in expedition to Canada, 1759, removed to Richmond, N. H., in 1763. Their children born in Mendon, Mass., were:

248. Abner Aldrich.

249. Hannah Aldrich, md. Mr. Freeman.

250. Simon Aldrich.

251. Phoebe Aldrich, md. J. A. Barney. (Phoebe was an abbreviation for Philadelphia.)

252. Nicholas Aldrich, b. —.

253. Susanna Aldrich, md. (1) Ebenezer Cole, md. (2) Stephen Jilson.

254. Ann Cooke Aldrich.

The emigrant ancestor of the Aldrich family was:

(a) George Aldrich of Derbyshire, Eng., who d. Mar. 1, 1682, md. Sept. 8, 1620, Catherine Seale. Child was:

(b) Jacob Aldrich, b. Feb. 28, 1633, in Braintree, Mass., md. Nov. 30, 1653, Huldah Thayer, dau. of Ferdinand Thayer and Huldah. He was born in England, Ap. 1, 1620; Nov. 14, 1632, Huldah Thayer, dau. of William and Margery of Braintree.

Ferdinand's father was Thomas Thayer of Tharbury, Gloucester Co., Eng., who d. Feb. 1, 1665, and md. Margery Wheeler, who d. Dec. 13, 1622.

(c) Jacob Aldrich, b. Mar. 7, 1670, at Braintree; md. Sept. 15, 1689, Margery Hayward, daughter of Samuel, who died July 29, 1718; married second, Mehitable Thompson, daughter of John and Sarah Thompson; son of William Hayward, who died May 10, 1690, and married Margery —, who died 1676, and their daughter Huldah Hayward married November 11, 1652, Ferdinand Thayer.

(d) Mercy Aldrich, born April 23, 1690; md. Dec. 12, 1717, Israel Taft, of Uxbridge; she died 1752. Israel married second 1804, Elizabeth —. He was born 1674, and died April 29, 1748. Israel was son of Robert Taft, the emigrant, perhaps from Scotland, a shipwright. Israel Taft's wife Mercy had:

(e) Samuel Taft born Sept. 3, 1736, who died Aug. 2, 1818; m. 1758, Mary Muddock, daughter of Benjamin and Mary (Hyde) Muddock. Benjamin, son of Robert and Hannah (Stedman) Muddock, of Scotland.

Samuel Taft and Mary had:

(f) Frederick Taft, born June 9, 1759; md. June 20, 1782, Abigail Wood, dau. Col. Ezra Wood and Anna Chapin. (See Guild Gen.)

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

1856. JONES—Who were the parents of Esther Jones, who married Solomon Drowne (Leeward) November 8, 1763?—W. P. W.

1857. MANCHESTER. FISKE—Mary Manchester married Dr. Caleb Fiske of Fiskeville, Scituate, R. I. He was born Jan. 24, 1753, and died in 1831. Can any one give the ancestry of Mary Manchester or dates?—A. B. M.

1858. SHEAFY. DIMAN—I desire the ancestry of Mary Sheafy who married Thomas Diman about 1644-5. According to Putnam's Magazine, 1898, there was a Jacob Sheafy in Wethersfield, Conn. He owned lands there, which he sold and then went to Boston. Can any one tell if there is any connection between this Jacob and Mary?—A. B. M.

1859. BRYANT—Oliver Bryant, son of Job, of Bridgewater, Mass., married Nabby, daughter of Timothy Ames, May 6, 1801. Their children were:

1. Ziba Bass, b. Oct. 16, 1801, m. Lucinda Elson, May 27, 1829. Who was she?

2. Danville Ames, b. July 19, 1800; married Mary Jeffers. Who were her parents?

3. Theron Carver, b. May 17, 1808, m. Silence Snow, May 17, 1829.

4. George Washington, b. Aug. 4, 1810, m. Lucy Washburn of Kingston.

5. Silence Snow, May 17, 1829.

6. George Washington, b. Aug. 4, 1810, m. Lucy Washburn of Kingston.

7. Silence Snow, May 17, 1829.

8. George Washington, b. Aug. 4, 1810, m. Lucy Washburn of Kingston.

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5. Abigail Carver, b. Mar. 1, 1813, d. Dec. 25, 1820.

6. Timothy Ames, b. Aug. 30, 1815, d. Feb. 4, 1848.

7. June, b. Jan. 19, 1820, d. Feb. 6, 1831.

8. Charles, b. July 25, 1822, d. May 1, 1848. Did he marry?

9. Edwin Clark, b. Feb. 10, 1825, m. Mary Ann Olmstead, of Ellington, Conn.—S. A.

1900. KINGMAN—Seth Kingman, of Henry, married Judith Washburn, dau. of —, Kingston, Mass., 1787. Who was —, Washburn?—S. A.

1901. AMES—Who was Hannah, wife of William Ames, of Braintree, Mass.? They had daughter Hannah, b. Mar. 12, 1611, married John Hayden, 1630.

1902. WILLIS—John Ames, son of above William, married Sarah, daughter of John Willis, and resided at West Bridgewater, in 1672. Who was the wife of John Willis?—S. A.

1903. CONNELL—Who was Gideon Connell who was born at Newport, Sept. 29, 1756, d. Jan. 29, 1803, m. Rebecca Childs at Rehoboth, Mass., July 15, 1779.—J. C.

ANSWERS.

1952. MILLER—The first wife of Samuel Miller, son of Robert, Jr., was Sarah Carpenter, A. L. W. regrets he is unable to give any further information.—A. L. W.

Jamestown.

While Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner were driving along the Shore road Monday afternoon, just opposite the Bay View House, one of the pins in the shaft worked loose, causing one end of the shaft to drop on the horse's leg. The horse bled and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner were thrown out and the horse ran up through Shorey Hill and was stopped by Mr. Gardner. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner escaped with a few bruises and a shaking up.

Mr. T. F. Martin has been engaged as cashier at the Hotel Thorndike for the summer. Mr. Martin was formerly business manager of the Newport Opera House.

Mrs. C. W. Wharton and family have arrived for the season.

Mrs. Charles Soule, Jr., has arrived here from Providence, where she has been quite ill.

Miss Bessie Congdon is confined at the Allen Cottage by illness.

Commencing on Monday next the Sea View railroad will run its cars on an hourly schedule.

It is expected that the Jamestown Yacht Club will go into commission this week.

Lieut. Hutchins, of the U. S. battleship Kearsarge, has been in Jamestown making arrangements for the marines attached to the North Atlantic squadron to hold land parades, drills, etc.

The Potter Point property has been placed at their disposal through the courtesy of Mr. A. O'D. Taylor. Mr. A. W. Luther has also kindly placed the Clarke farm at the navy's disposal for the same purpose.

Portsmouth.

Rev. W. H. Patten preached at the Methodist Church on Sunday last, a large congregation being present.

Tuesday evening the last meeting of the Active Culture Club for the season took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet in South Portsmouth. A pleasing musical and literary program was given, and a large number was present. Mr. William Carr, organist at the First Baptist Church, Newport, assisted in the musical part of the entertainment.

Mr. Albert W. Lawrence, of this town, has carried to Newport and Fall River several crates of fine strawberries raised on his place.

At the meeting of the Portsmouth Grange, Thursday night, a resolution was offered to change the night of meeting from Thursday to Friday. This resolution will be acted on at the next meeting.

Mother. Why don't you move out of the sun?

Tommy. 'Tis I dot here first.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Court of Probate was held on Monday and action taken on the following estates:

Estate of Lucy Ann Freeman. An inventory thereof was returned by Lewis L. Simmons, the administrator thereof, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Mary B. Weaver. The first and final account of George P. Lawton, administrator with will annexed thereon, was taken up and examined and then continued for further consideration to the third Monday of July.

Estate of William Albion. J. Truman Burdick was appointed administrator thereof. C. Henry Congdon, Joseph Parmenter and Parker Bauman appraisers thereon. The administrator was required to give bond in the sum of \$1,000, with Lewis L. Simmons and Edwin S. Burdick as sureties.

Estate of Jose Gracia de Simas. Henry C. Sherman was appointed administrator and C. Henry Congdon, Frank T. Peckham and William I. Sherman, appraisers. The administrator gave bond in the sum of \$4,000, with James T. Barker and George Coggeshall as sureties.

ESTATE OF CYNTHIA A. PECKHAM.—Her last will and testament was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary on her estate were directed to issue to William Spooner as executor, upon his giving bond in the sum of \$9,000, with Thomas and William E. Coggeshall as sureties. For appraisers, Edward P. Chase, William H. Bliss, and John H. Spooner were appointed.

IN TOWN COUNCIL.—Juries were drawn for the next judicial year ensuing, the third Monday of July, and comprised the following named grand jurors: J. Lincoln Sherman, Edward L. Peckham, Thomas G. Ward, Joseph H. Coggeshall, William J. Peckham, Alonzo N. Pierce, George R. Chase and Abraham A. Brown.

Pett Juries.—Marshall Dennis, Arthur L. Peckham, Edward M. Petzka, Howard R. Peckham, William M. Spooner, William S. Coggeshall, J. Overton Peckham, Joshua Coggeshall, Philip A. Brown, Charles H. Carr, John H. Spooner, Daniel A. Peckham, Benjamin W. H. Peckham, Robert Patterson, Thomas S. Lawton and Robert M. Wetherell.

Accounts were presented and allowed as follows: C. Henry Congdon, surveyor, for repairs on Road District No. 2, \$157.47; Charles A. Peckham, surveyor, for repairs on Road District No. 4, \$136.50; Peckham Brothers for crushed stone furnished Road Districts Nos. 2 and 4, \$386.31; Herman F. Peckham, services as Assessor of Taxes for the years 1900 and 1901, \$40; John D. Blair for taking account of animals killed for bounty and paying out the same, \$7; Accounts for the relief of the poor, \$41.50.

JURORS WARNED FOR JUNE TERM OF COURT.—Francis Wayland Smith and Verne Adams A. Vanneck have been warned as Grand Jurors, and Howard G. Peckham, Daniel A. Carr, Clark P. Barker and Daniel H. Peabody as Pett Juries; to attend the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court on Monday next.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.—Next Saturday will be the last day for voters to register for all elections which may occur before the first day of July, 1902. Those persons who registered before the last day of December, 1900, will not be required to register again. Besides those, however, there are quite a number eligible to vote at the State election in November next, provided they take the initial step and enter their names in the registry of voters before July 1.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES.—EXAMINATIONS for State Certificates will be held Wednesday and Thursday, July 10 and 11, 1901, at the following places: Providence—Rhode Island Normal School, Newport—Foster High School, Westerly—Westerly High School, East Greenwich—Academy, Westbury—Etn Street School.

The examinations will begin each day at 9 o'clock a. m.

Examinations in Pedagogy, Methods, School Management and School Law on Thursday, the 11th.

All examinations for first and second grade certificates will be held only in Providence. All persons intending to take the examinations must notify the undersigned on or before July 4, of the grade for which they wish to be examined and the place.

THOMAS H. STOCKWELL, Secretary State Board of Education, Box 1155, Providence. 6-15-19

NOTICE.—I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS BUSINESS and residence to 15 Forewell street. H. W. PEARCE.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 17th day of June, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION of CHARLOTTE A. TRIPP and SADIE K. TRIPP,

representing that they are widows over the age of fourteen years and are heirs of said Newpor, and praying this Court to approve of the will of said deceased, and to appoint of said City, when they have chosen to be their guardian.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 24th day of July, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of LUCY ANN FREEMAN, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, that he has given bond to said Court as required, and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Lucy Ann Freeman, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, at his office in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LEWIS L. SIMMONS, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of JOSE GRACIA DE SIMAS, late of said Middletown, deceased, that he has given bond to said Court as required, and is now duly qualified to act as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Jose Gracia de Simas, are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, at his office in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

HENRY C. SHERMAN, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Administrator on the estate of JOSE GRACIA DE SIMAS, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, at his office in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Administrator on the estate of JOSE GRACIA DE SIMAS, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, at his office in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—THE SUBSCRIBER hereby gives notice of his intention to sell at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, the said Town of New Shoreham, all the right, title and interest in and to the lands, tenements and buildings, and of each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain piece or parcel of land, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon,